# Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1873. NUMBER 27.



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The most powerful cleanser, strengthener and invigorator of Glandular Obstructions known to Medical Science. Perfectly adapted to constitutions "worn out and debilitated by the warm weather of Summer, when the blood is not in circulation, consequently gathering impurities and sluggishness and imperfect action in the digestive organs, and is manifested by Boils, Eruptions, Blotches, Boils, Pustules, Ulcers, &c., &c.

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INISTRATORS' NOTICE—Letters of Administration on the Estate of JOHN D. EVANS, late of Wilmore borough, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. Payment may be made to Shoemaker at Ebensburg, or to Mrs. Wilmore.

ALPHA J. EVANS, } Administrators.
W. H. SECHLER, }
1873.-6t.

CUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of PETER WEAKLAND, dec'd. Testamentary on the estate of PETER WEAKLAND, late of Carroll township, deceased, been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that they must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

CHARLES WEAKLAND, } Executors.
HENRY SCANLAN, }
Carroll town, July 18, 1873.-6t.

Estate Notice.

Having obtained Letters of Administration on the Estate of JOHN NEASON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, dec'd, the undersigned notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARIA NEASON, Administratrix.
PATRICK DUNEGAN, Administrator.
Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.-6t.*

Estate Notice.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the Estate of MICHAEL MCCARTY, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment of their accounts must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. DOUGLASS,
Clearfield Twp., June 13, 1873.-6t.* Adm'r.

GALLITZIN LAKE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

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ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN SCHERDON, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN SCHERDON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of decedent are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

JAMES SCHERDON, Administrator.
Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.-6t.*

ESTATE NOTICE.—Having been granted Letters of Administration on the estate of CATHARINE MCLAUGHLIN, late of the Township of Washington, County of Cambria, deceased, I give notice to all parties indebted to said estate that they must make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

MICHAEL BRADLEY, Administrator.
Washington Twp., July 18, 1873.-6t.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the Estate of MARY O. EVANS, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JNO. E. SCANLAN, Executor.
Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-6t.

A CARD.

TO THE INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY: Disgusted with this day's doings in the Democratic County Convention, I hereby offer myself as an *Independent Candidate* for the office of SHERIFF, and pledge myself, if elected, to fulfill the duties faithfully and to the best of my ability.

JAMES BENFORD,
June 23, 1873.-3m* Johnstown, Pa.

BARK WANTED.—FOUR THOUSAND CORDS OAK AND HEMLOCK BARK wanted at the new Tannery, Woodvale, Johnstown. Cash paid on delivery. Apply to or address W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON,
June 6, 1873.-4m.* Johnstown P. O.

WILLIAM KITTELL, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [1-20,-tf.]

### *A GOOD DOG.*

I'm fond of that dog?
Well, I ought to be,
For he saved my life,
And is fond of me.
He knows what I'm saying—
There—do you see—
He comes and puts
His paw on my knee!

I was took with the fever,
And down so low
I made up my mind
I had to go:
It was on the cards,
I hadn't a show;
It was—Pass in your chips,
And good-by, Joe!

That's just where was—
Played out, you may say,
For the doctor left,
When my chum ran away:
Doctors in them days
Went for their pay;
I lay there alone—
Not a man would stay!

Only my dog,
Who sat by my bed,
Just where I could see him,
And pat his head:
He felt what I suffered,
Knew what I said,
And wouldn't believe
I was almost dead!

Day after day,
And night after night,
He sat by my bedside,
Always in sight;
He seemed to know
That my head was light;
He *wouldn't* lie down,
And the dog was right!

I felt if he did—
And I think so still—
I should lose my grip—
He was my will:
He put out the fever,
Broke up the chill,—
Was something to me
Death could not kill!

I lead a rough life,
I get and I spend,
Pay what I borrow,
Lose what I lend:
I loved a woman—
It came to an end:
Get a good dog, sir,
You have a friend!

—From THE ALDINE for August.

### *THE CAPTIVE MAIDEN.*

A TRUE STORY OF INDIAN BARBARITY.

[From "The Canadian Pioneers," in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for August.]

At the remote period which we describe the fur trade of Detroit was immense; and the Indians, aided and encouraged by the facilities for reaching there, came in great numbers to sell the products of their hunting expeditions. There were representatives from the various tribes—Iroquois, Potawatamies, Illinois, Miamis, and a host of others. M. Jaques Du Perron Baby was at that time Indian superintendent at Detroit. This was an extremely important and responsible position at that period. M. Baby had realized a handsome fortune there in a few years. Almost all the land on which the Detroit of to-day stands was then owned by him and a Mr. Macomb, the father of Gen. Macomb, who commanded a portion of the American troops during the war of 1812. At the close of this war, the entire property of M. Baby was confiscated in consequence of his political opinions, which were declared in favor of Canada *versus* the United States. His fine mansion stood in the center of the fort, surrounded by a beautiful garden. Having luxurious tastes, he embellished it with all the requirements of refined and cultivated life. The garden was on raised ground, surrounded by a sodded terrace; the house stood in the center, half concealed by a dense foliage of maple, pear, and acacia trees, which waved their branches coaxingly over its roof. A number of birds, sometimes hidden in the branches, sometimes flying thro' the air, crossing, pursuing each other, describing a thousand bewildering circles, abandoned themselves to joyous song, while the little *ramoneur*,* complaining on the chimney-top, mingled his shrill, harsh cry with their melodious voices. It was evening. The last rays of the setting sun colored with rose and saffron tints the tops of the forests. The heat had been intense throughout the day. The evening breeze, coquetting among the roses, dahlias, and flowering eglantine, refreshed exhausted nature deliciously, and perfumed the air with the most intoxicating fragrance. Tea was about being served in the garden, and the table was most invitingly covered with tempting viands and lovely flowers. The superintendent and his family were seated around; a young officer who had been several months in Detroit had been invited to join the family party. Two colored servants waited most assiduously at the repast. "What a charming evening!" said the officer—he was a handsome young man, with light hair, noble and expressive features, and rather a high forehead. There was a proud, intelligent expression in his bright eyes, and yet at times something vague and dreamy. "Truly," he continued, "I have never seen anything in Italy more delightful than this; such a climate, and such ravishing scenery, such fine effects of light and shade! Look there along the horizon, and at those fleecy clouds which float through the azure sky; they resemble a superb scarf fringed with purple and gold."

"It is indeed a magnificent evening," replied the superintendent, "We really enjoy a very fine climate in this section of country. I have never seen anywhere a clearer sky or more transparent atmosphere, and nature so grand; but, against all of this, we are deprived of nearly all the luxuries and comforts of the old country, to say nothing of the constant dangers to which we are exposed from the Indians; for we are on the utmost limits of civilization. You, who have just left the civilized shores of Europe, can scarcely form any idea of the cruelty of these barbarians. Life is indeed very severe in this new country.."

"Yes," said his wife, whose fine physiognomy indicated her great force of character; "it is only a few years ago that I was obliged to do sentinel duty, and stand at the entrance of the fort with a shot-gun in my hand, while the men were occupied in cultivating the fields around it."*

The conversation was here interrupted by one of the servants, who came to say that a stranger was waiting to see the superintendent and his wife. They all arose from the tea-table.

"You look very sad this evening, mademoiselle," said the officer, addressing a young girl of sixteen or eighteen years of age, and who, from a strong resemblance, could be easily recognized as the daughter of M. Baby. "What can have happened to cause such a shadow to fall on your fair brow; while all are smiling around you, your heart seems full of sorrow? It is almost impossible that any one could contemplate this lovely scene, and not experience a feeling of interior peace. Nothing so completely bewilders me like an evening of this kind. This graceful harmony of light and shade is for me full of a mysterious intoxication."

"Alas!" said the young girl, "a few days ago I too could have enjoyed this scene; but to-day, as it were, every object is covered with a funeral pall. This beautiful sky, these green fields, the flowers and fruit, these vermillion roses, which charm your sight, all make me shudder. I see blood everywhere."

"My God!" cried the officer, "what misfortune can have happened to you?"

"Oh! only a few hours ago, I witnessed such a distressing scene that it is impossible to imagine it. I cannot obliterate it from my mind or distract my thoughts in the least from the shocking spectacle. But I ought not to distress you by this sorrowful recital. I had rather let you enjoy tranquility these hours that afford you so much pleasure."

"Continue, continue," exclaimed he. "Relate to me this tragic story. Happiness is often so selfish, but we should always have our sympathies ready for the sorrows of others."

The young girl then continued: "Day before yesterday evening, a party of Indians half intoxicated came into the fort to see my father; they brought with them a young girl, whom they had captured several days before. Oh! if you could only have seen the despair on her countenance! Poor child, her clothes were in rags, her hair hung in tangled masses, and her face was all scratched and bleeding. She did not utter a complaint, nor did she weep; but stood with fixed eyes, mute and immovable as a statue. We might have believed her dead but for a slight trembling of the lips that betrayed the life that was not visible. It was a fearful sight. I have never seen anything like it. Great misfortunes are like severe wounds; they dry up our tears as terrible and sudden wounds arrest the blood in our veins. Compassionating her distressed situation, my sister and myself made her come in and stay in our room through the night; but we did not deceive ourselves with the slightest hope that anything could be done for her rescue, for we knew too well the characters of these savages. Nevertheless, we tried to sustain her with a little hope that something might possibly be done. Perhaps our father could succeed in inducing the Indians to let her go. At last she gradually recovered from her state of stupor, and told us her sad, sad story."

"I have lived for some time," said she, "near Fort Wayne with my married sister. One morning, while her husband was at work in the field, several Indians suddenly entered our house. 'Where is your husband?' they inquired roughly of my sister. 'He is at Fort Wayne,' she replied, frightened by their sinister aspect; and they went out again. Full of anxiety, we followed them with our eyes for some time. 'O my God! sister,' exclaimed I, trembling, 'I am so frightened, so terrified. Let us fly; these savages appear to me to be meditating some dreadful act. I am convinced that they will return.' Without paying any attention to my words, she continued to watch them as they went off in the direction of Fort Wayne. The road which they took lay only a short distance from the place where her husband was quietly at work, not having the slightest idea of the danger that threatened him. Fortunately a clump of trees hid him from their sight. We began to breathe more freely, for they had now gone beyond the field; but suddenly one of them happened to turn around. 'They have discovered him! they have discovered him!' shrieked my sister, almost fainting with terror. And really they had all stopped, and were looking in the direction where Joseph was stooping down, gathering up the branches of a tree which he had just cut down. He had no suspicion of danger. The Indians, concealed by the trees, were now only a short distance off. Suddenly we heard the report of a gun, and Joseph fell to the ground. Believing him dead, they advanced boldly; but the ball had only grazed his head, and he was stunned for a moment. He quickly recovered himself, and, making a breastwork of the branches of the felled tree, seized his gun, and in an instant two of them were stretched stiff corpses on the ground. The others, alarmed, made a precipitate retreat toward the edge of the woods, and then a quick firing commenced on both sides. Joseph was a fine marksman; at each shot he disabled an enemy. Three had already fallen. We awaited, in agony of apprehension, the result of the mortal combat, which would not have been doubtful had it been only an ordinary enemy that the savages had to contend with. But Joseph was a formidable adversary. He fired rapidly, reloading his gun with the most perfect coolness, while the balls were whistling around him. Placing the muzzle of his gun between the branches, he made the sign of the cross on his breast at the moment of taking aim; then, pulling the trigger, we counted another Indian less. Every time I saw a new victim fall, I could not repress a tremor of delight. Joseph's unerring ball had just struck a fourth enemy. We began to hope, when we discovered one of the savages creeping along on the ground behind him. No serpent could have advanced with more cunning or address. Without shaking a pebble or disturbing a leaf, he approached slowly; at one time concealing himself behind a little knoll, then under a thicket of brambles, only exposing himself when he saw Joseph busy taking aim. Finally he arrived within two steps of him without being seen. Then, stopping, he waited until Joseph had reloaded his gun. Without suspecting the danger behind him, he raised his gun to his shoulder to take aim; then we saw him lower it quickly and look around. He had heard a slight noise in the bushes near him. He raised his head and listened an instant, then leaned toward the right, and then toward the left, without perceiving anything; for the savage was lying flat on the ground, behind a pile of branches. Feeling entirely reassured, he again raised his gun to take aim. At the same moment, the Indian, with an infernal smile, raised himself from the earth, and, just as Joseph was preparing to immolate another enemy, he brandished his knife. A last shot was heard, a last Indian fell; but Joseph had also fallen, struck to the heart by the cowardly fiend. The wretch then proceeded to scalp him, after which he plundered him of his clothes, in which he arrayed himself.

"Paralyzed with horror and fright, we thought no longer of saving ourselves. My sister, in her despair, pressed her baby to her heart, and threw herself at the foot of a crucifix, which she seized in her hands, and mutely covered it with tears and kisses, while I, too, utterly overcome, threw myself on my knees beside her, and mingled my tears and prayers with hers. Poor mother! she did not tremble for herself, but for her child—that dear little angel, whom she so adored. It was indeed a beautiful babe, scarcely eighteen months old, and had already begun to lisp 'Mamma.' 'O, my God!' cried my sister between her sobs, 'if I must die, I willingly give up my life; but save, oh! save my child!' Then, embracing it, and bathing it in her tears, she clasped it to her heart, and sank to the floor insensible. Although more dead than alive myself, I tried to sustain her, and had her in my arms, when Joseph's murderer entered, followed by his cruel companions. Without uttering a word, he advanced toward us, and violently snatched the child from its mother. She had not heard them enter the room, but, when they tore the child away from her, she shuddered and suddenly recovered her consciousness. The savages, exasperated at having lost seven of their comrades, now only thought of blood and vengeance. The assassin of Joseph, holding the child at arm's length, looked at it with the diabolical expression of a serpent charming his victim before striking him. It was an angel in the grasp of a demon. The monster smiled—Satan alone could have laughed as he did. The baby, as if to supplicate his pity, smiled also, with that angelic expression of innocence that would have moved the most hardened and obdurate of hearts. But he, seizing it by the leg, whirled it round for an instant, and then—oh! horror! dashed its head against the heavy edge of the stove. Its brains spattered over its mother's face. Like a tiger she sprang at the murderer of her child. Maternal love gave her superhuman strength, and, seizing him by the throat, she buried her fingers in his flesh. He tottered, his face turned black, and he fell heavily to the floor, suffocated by the strength of her desperate grasp. She would have undoubtedly strangled him, had not another savage at that instant struck her a blow on the head with his hatchet. My poor sister! her death was indeed a cruel one, but her agony only lasted a moment—her troubles are ended, and she is now in heaven. But I—what will become of me? You see the condition I am in. O my God, my God! have pity on me."

And the young girl, wringing her hands in despair, threw herself sobbing into my arms, pressed me to her heart, and implored me not to abandon her into the hands of these brutal savages. But, oh! what is more heartbreaking than to witness misfortune without the power of alleviating it! We spent the night in weeping and trying to encourage her, but I could not help feeling at the time that it was cruel to inspire her with a confidence that I had not; for I knew these savages too well. I knew that the monsters never abandoned their victims. The next day, my father tried in every way to conciliate them, and then interceded in behalf of the young captive. He offered a large ransom for her, but in vain; nothing would tempt them. The effects of the liquor had not entirely worn off, and they were sullen and obstinate. My father used in turn prayers and threats to move them; but neither presents, prayers, nor threats could rescue her from their merciless hands. The wretched girl threw herself at their feet, and embracing their knees, besought them to listen to her supplications; but the monsters only replied to her entreaties by bursts of laughter; and, in spite of her prayers, and sobs, and supplications, they carried her off with them."*

* A fact. She was never heard of afterwards.

* Chimney-swallow.

* Fact.

BETTER THAN WHISKY.—"Bill Arp" writes: "Gentlemen, there is one thing about drinking. I almost wish every man was a reformed drunkard. No man who hasn't drank liquor knows what a luxury cold water is. I have got up in the night in cold weather after I had been spreeing around, and gone to the well burning up with thirst, feeling like the gallows and the grave and the infernal regions were too good for me, and when I took up the bucket in my hands, and with my elbows trembling like I had the shaking ague, put the water to my lips, it was the most delicious, satisfying, luxurious draft that ever went down my throat.

"I have stood there and drank until I could drink no more, and gone back to bed thanking God for the pure innocent, and feeding beverage, and cursing myself from my inmost for ever touching the accursed whisky. In my torture of mind and body I have made vows and promises, and broken them within a day. But if you want to know the luxury of cold water, get drunk and keep at it until you get on fire, and then try a bucket full at the well in the middle of the night. You won't want a gourd full—you'll feel like the bucket ain't big enough, and when you begin to drink an earthquake couldn't stop you. I know a hundred men who will swear to the truth of what I say; but you see it's a thing they don't mean to talk about; it's too humiliating."

AN item has been going the rounds of the papers saying that buckwheat cakes were unknown until the sixteenth century. If lovers of this delectable but itch-inducing diet, will trouble themselves to look into a book published in the twelfth century, called "Ye Delights of ye Breakfast Table," they may find, on the 105th page, the following: "Ye corne naymed Buckwheat, ypon whyche ye Deere dothe much love to fede, ys deemed to forme cakes of myghtye gudeness. Ye boyled sap of ye Lyndon (maple) Tree doth much ymprove them. Bade stomaked ones saye that to eat of these doth cause them muche *scratchynge*, but this fayls to stope the eatyng of them," and much more on the subject.

DYSENTERY.—The following simple remedy has been known to cure the most obstinate cases of dysentery, when other cases had failed. It has the merit of being harmless and always effectual: Take one-fourth of a pint of hot water; vinegar half-pint; mix. Now add common salt as long as it will dissolve in the mixture, stirring it freely. Give for an adult one tablespoonful every hour, until the bloody discharges cease, or until it operates freely upon the bowels.

A LOVER IN A FIX.—We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's, years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and went round to see her. It was summer time and moonlight and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day glueing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the step, in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking in several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said: "Don't be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker so that we could thaw ourselves out; or whether we should give one terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barreled shot gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper and he procured a hand-saw and cut out the piece of the step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again and she threw herself away on a young dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and of reflecting upon the influences of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.—*Daubury News, probably.*

THE BISHOP'S KETTLE.—The following story is going the round of the English railways: The Bishop of Litchfield has a taste for walking, and on one occasion, some time ago, he walked from a church in the Black Country to the railway station, where he was to take the train for home. On the way he happened to observe a group of men sitting together on the ground, and immediately resolved to "say a word in season" to them, after the fashion of the Caliph Haroun, or the average tract distributor. "Well, my good men," said his lordship *incognito*, "what are you doing?" The response of one of them was not calculated to please and encourage the amiable prelate. "We been a loyin'," he said. "Lying," said the horrified Bishop; "what do you mean?" "Why, yer see," was the explanation, "one on us fun a kettle, and we been tryin' who can tell the biggest loy to have it." "Shocking!" said the Bishop, and straightway improving the occasion, he proceeded to impress upon the sinners the enormity of lying. He informed them that he had been taught that one of the greatest sins was to tell a lie, and, in fact, so strongly had this been urged upon him that never in the whole course of his life had he told a lie. Alas! no sooner had the excellent Bishop made this announcement than there was a gleeful shout: "Gie th' governor th' kettle; gie th' governor the kettle!"

WE are interested to learn from a journal devoted to manufacturing interests, that a "million dozen bustles are annually made in this country." This gives just three apiece to each man, woman and child. We have, then, three bustles coming to us, and as we never wear that many at a time, the other two are at the disposal of any man that wants them. Indeed, we are not particularly anxious to retain even one, and if anybody knows a poor creature upon whom the iron hand of misfortune is harshly laid, and who, in the midst of bitter and cruel poverty, sits shivering for want of a bustle or two to keep out the pitiless cold, that child of misfortune can have all three of ours. This kind of generous self-sacrifice, we know is rare, but it is a characteristic of us. We could not bear to wear three bustles while the soul of a suffering fellow-creature was filled with intense and hopeless yearning for one. The amount of joy we get out of an adjustable bustle is nothing when compared with the satisfaction of helping the poor. If we had a bustle as big as a skating rink, we would rather give it to some forlorn and desolate orphan any time than wear it and let the orphan suffer.—*Max Adeler in Saturday Evening Post.*

A SIOUX chief, after following a surveying party on the Northern Pacific for some days, mildly remarked that they might go on, for he'd be d——d if he'd freeze to death for what hair there was in that crowd.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

**Ebensburg, Pa.,**

*Friday, - - - - August 1, 1873.*


THE Pittsburgh *Post*, the old and reliable Democratic daily, has donned a handsome suit of new type, a fact which indicates very plainly the deserved prosperity of that able and influential advocate of a good cause.

A RADICAL PAPER, in discussing the project of erecting a new mansion for the President at some other place than Washington, for a *summer* residence, says that "the argument in favor of the proposition is that Washington is unhealthy in summer, and the dignity and wealth of the United States require better accommodations for its Chief Magistrate." This is an attempt at imitating the example of European monarchies in building additional residences for their upstart and useless kings. But assuming it to be true, which it is not, that Washington is more unhealthy than other cities during the summer months, it is very evident that the treasury ought not to be put to the expense of building a new Presideutial residence—not at least until after the expiration of Grant's term of office, since he always gives Washington a wide berth during the heated term, and transfers the executive department of the government, stables and all, to Long Branch. No fears need be entertained that Grant's health will be impaired by remaining in Washington *during the summer*.

WE publish this week a speech delivered in the Constitutional Convention by Judge Black, on an amendment embodying what is known as the "iron-clad oath," to be taken by each member of the Senate and House of Representatives within twenty days after the final adjournment of each session of the Legislature, and to be filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the county in which the member may reside. The speech bears all the marks of Judge Black's peculiar style of oratory. He aims directly at his object and expresses his ideas in strong and vigorous language. The object which he seeks to accomplish is a laudable one, but we must be permitted to say that our faith in the efficacy of any oath that may be taken by at least two-thirds of the members of an average Pennsylvania Legislature, is not much larger than a grain of mustard seed. Members of the Legislature take an oath to support the constitution of the State, and that they will discharge their duties with fidelity. This obligation is strong and broad enough to bind the conscience of any honest man, and if a member will violate it by accepting a bribe, or in any way compromising his sworn duty, he will not afterwards shrink from the commission of perjury by taking any number of oaths, even though they are piled up as high as Pelion upon Ossa. If this amendment should become a part of the constitution and better and purer men are not sent to Harrisburg, then after the close of a session of the Legislature, during which Pete Herdic or some other king of the lobby has plied his infamous vocation, a majority of the Prothonotaries' offices of the State will become the receptacles of the written oaths of members, as freely taken and as utterly worthless as those of a common drab.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is about to experience some of the manifest sorrows and tribulations that usually afflict a man who is too much married. His *seventeenth* spouse, formerly Mrs. Ann Eliza Webb, has vamosed his polygamous ranche and has brought, or is about to bring, suit against the prophet of the Latter Day Saints for divorce and alimony. It is quite evident that there is more trouble in his desert harem than appears on the surface, and that the defection of Mrs. Young No. 17 is likely to precipitate a mutiny throughout the entire camp.

In a late discourse delivered by the prophet in the Temple at Salt Lake, he spoke about wives who, in his own classical language, won't "round up their shoulders and walk up to the mark without grunting." Here are his own elegant and emphatic words:

"I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters; yes, all the women in the community. I am going to give you from this time to the 6th of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty and then say to them, now go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things, either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world, and live their religion—that is, polygamy—or they must leave; for I will not have them about me. I will set all at liberty. What, first wife, too? Yes, I'll liberate you all. I want to go somewhere or do something to get rid of the whiners. I do not want them to receive part of the truth and spurn the rest out of doors. Let every man thus treat his wives; keeping raiment enough to cover his body, and say to his wives, take all that I have and be set at liberty; but if you stay with me, you shall comply with the law of God in every respect, and that, too, without murmuring or whining. You must fulfill the law of God in every respect, and round your shoulders to walk up to the mark without any grunting."

There is no mistaking the meaning and spirit of this manifesto. To quote another of Young's short and incisive expressions, his wives have "either got to fish or cut bait." Ann Eliza, who appears to be a woman of some mettle, stubbornly refuses either to "round up her shoulders," whatever that may mean, or to "walk up to the mark without any grunting." We predict that by the time Brother Brigham gets through with Sister Ann Eliza he will have done most of the "grunting" himself, and that with him it will literally be a question of "root hog or die."

## *Wise and Donaldson.*

The two well known æronauts, Professors Wise and Donaldson, propose attempting the novel and untried experiment of reaching Europe in a balloon. The ærial ship in which they intend embarking is now being constructed and will be completed by the 20th of August. It will be seen from an article in another column, that it will be of immense proportions. The cost of the balloon and the necessary apparatus to fit out the expedition is estimated at $10,000, which will be defrayed by the proprietors of the *Graphic*, a daily pictorial paper recently established in New York—a publication conducted with more than ordinary ability, and the only one of its kind in the world, of which it may well claim to be the journalistic wonder, and as such eminently deserving of every man's support who can afford to gratify his literary and artistic tastes in that way.

Prof. Wise resides in Lancaster, this State, and has followed the profession of an æronaut longer than any man in the country, or perhaps in the world. Fourteen years ago he travelled in a balloon from St. Louis to Jefferson county, in the northern part of New York State, a distance of about 1,500 miles, in seventeen hours. This was the longest voyage ever made through the air. At this rate of speed, he expects to reach England or France in about *forty* hours. From his experience in the numerous ascensions he has made in different parts of the United States, he has arrived at the conclusion that at a certain altitude a strong current of air uniformly prevails from the *west* to the *east*, and therefore that a balloon, when it reaches that height, will necessarily and easily be propelled by this wind current across the Atlantic ocean. Wise himself expresses the utmost confidence in the success of his hazardous undertaking, and is sustained in his belief by some of the most scientific men in the country.

The two daring adventurers expect to start on their journey between the 25th of August and 1st of September. Their point of departure will be New York, but on what part of the European coast they will alight they themselves cannot tell, for the reason that the course of a balloon, unlike that of a ship, cannot be regulated or controlled by a rudder. The result of this bold experiment will be looked for with intense anxiety both in this country and in Europe, and with the universal wish that it may not prove a disastrous failure.

THE town of Butler, in this State, has a genuine sensation growing out of an alleged poisoning with arsenic and strychnine of a man named Snyder and his two children, by his wife and her paramour, John W. Foreman. The children are recovering and it is thought that Snyder will survive the two poisonous doses that were administered to him. It is a repetition of the old story of illicit love and its terrible consequences. The parties occupied the same house and were poor and illiterate. As usual, Mrs. Snyder and Foreman were foolish enough to embalm their mutual love in written epistles to each other, a number of which have been unearthed by the officers of the law since the discovery of the crime. Their epistolary correspondence was both gushing and profuse. The loves of Romeo and Juliet, and their passionate expression of them, were tame and common-place when compared to the burning flame which was fast consuming the solid substance of Foreman and his "pet" Rebecca. As curiosities of their kind, we subjoin the following "specimen bricks," the first being from Foreman to his "own dere love," and which, barring the orthography, are fair samples of such tender and loving effusions, whether written in a marble palace or a log cabin:

My own dere love I got yure leter and my heart is heavy and sad for my dere pet. I want to see you bad. I do not like to wate a day without taking to you. I my dere love you must com and see me for my hart will brake if I dont press you to my hart. I want to put my arms round your neck and press you to my hart and have your hed on my busom my sweet dere love I did not go to work for fere I shud not see you my pet rite to me a long leter and tell me I am yure own true love. I must close this leter now but I love you my pet.

John W. Foreman.

Having looked on *that* picture, let the sympathetic reader turn to *this*, from the divine Rebecca to her "sweet dere luv and pet," and if he has tears to shed, prepare to shed them now:

i now take my pen in hand to write you these few lines (the letter entire would fill a column.—Rep.) to let you no that I think of you my dere sweet luv i got up this morning and i was mad at him and he did not sa much to me for I did not sa much to him. he (her husband.—Rep.) luked thru the craks to see if you and mary had got up or if yu had bene in bed my dere luv i am wating to he gos out for a while and then we can com in. he sas you dont be there sweet luv but i dont care i luv you with my whole hart and sole my dere pet.

* * * * *

I am goin to see you tomoro anyway for i want to see you agin my own true luv. john has been bad to me and i dont no what I will do till i lok at you ons more my sweet dere luv and pet

* * * * *

so no more at present from yur wife,
yurs til deth,
rebecca.

THE Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will hold its twentieth annual session in the Opera House, Pittsburgh, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 12th, 13th and 14th. Excursion tickets will be sold at all the principal railroad stations, and boarding at hotels and private boarding houses will be furnished at from one to four dollars per day. We don't commend the taste of the getters-up of this convention in choosing to meet in the city of Pittsburgh in the middle of the hottest month in the year, but if the teachers of the State are willing to "stand the pressure," we guess we can put up with it, especially as it is "none of our funeral."

## *The Iron-Clad Oath.*

SPEECH OF HON. J. S. BLACK IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The following section was proposed as an amendment to the constitution of Pennsylvania, June 28, 1873:

SEC. 2. Within twenty days after the adjournment of the general assembly sine die, every member of the house of representatives and every senator whose term will expire at the next general election, shall take and subscribe before some officer qualified to administer oaths, the following oath or affirmation:

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that, as a member of the general assembly, I have supported and obeyed the constitution of this commonwealth to the best of my knowledge and ability. I have not knowingly listened to corrupt private solicitation from interested parties or their agents, nor have I received any gift, or promise of a gift, from any such parties or from any candidate. I have not voted or spoken on any matter in which I had, or expected to have, a private interest. I have not done, or willingly permitted to be done, any act which would make me guilty of bribery. I have observed the order of legislation as prescribed by the constitution, and I have not knowingly voted or spoken for any law, bill or resolution, which I knew, or believed to be, inconsistant therewith.

The foregoing oath or affirmation shall be filed in the office of the prothonotary of the county in which the senator or representative resides; and if any such senator or representative shall fail to take and file said oath or affirmation within the time prescribed (unless unavoidably prevented) he shall be forever afterwards disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit within this commonwealth; and if in taking such oath or affirmation it shall appear that he has knowingly sworn or affirmed falsely, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury and also disqualified as aforesaid.

This section being under discussion, Judge Black spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I will not make any argument in favor of this section. It has been thoroughly discussed already. Every member of the house has made up his mind long ago. I do not believe that the opinions or sentiments of any member can be changed now. I judge others by myself. I will not surrender my convictions, and I do not expect any other member to surrender his. This is a body which knows its own mind and cannot be blown about by every wind of doctrine. I therefore say to those who differ from me, live on in your faith, but I will die in mine.

The whole subject is indeed too simple for argument. The fact cannot be questioned that our legislature is and has been utterly corrupt. For years the three houses (counting the lobby as a house) have been weltering together in one disgusting mass of moral putrefaction. No man dares to deny this. The evidence of it is conclusive, irresistible and overwhelming. It is admitted by every man on this floor except three or four who have made feeble and futile attempts to deny it. One of the most distinguished gentleman in this body—he who won his fame as chief magistrate of the commonwealth, and added to its lustre by his high career as a diplomat—while he deprecates this measure of prevention, not only admits our legislation to be corrupt, but adds his testimony that the great office of United States senator is bought and sold, as well as corporate franchises and appropriation bills. Shame! shame forever to the man who is willing to perpetuate this infamy! The honest and respectable portion of our people will not endure it with patience. If we can help it we will not have the hoofs of these beasts on our necks any longer.

"Large-handed robbers your graves masters are,
And pill by law!"

If you would not have this degrading slavery fastened forever on your children, rise now; throw off your shackles; hew them link from link. But you won't do it; it is not in you.

I not only decline to argue the facts, but I mean to be silent upon the principle and policy of this amendment. If any man thinks it good to live under a government which habitually betrays and plunders him, let him enjoy in peace the huge satisfaction which Harrisburg will afford him. Besides, I cannot argue with a man who believes legislative corruption is a thing to be defended or tolerated in a civilized and christian community. If a gentleman wishes to debate the morality of murder or rape or robbery or horse stealing or arson, I will endeavor to prove that all these are very hurtful crimes, and as gently as possible I will try to vindicate the laws which forbid them. But bribery and corruption in the making of our laws is not open to discussion; I will not hear and I will not answer any defence of it which can be made—no, not if an angel from heaven would make it.

But there is another question upon which we divide. Shall we swear the members of the legislature to execute their trust? Will we make the oath iron clad? Will we compel them to take it when they go in, and when they come out, and make it so plain that if they commit any act of unfaithfulness they will see that it exposes them to all the penalties of perjury in this world and the next? Will we so shape it that it must speak to their consciences of penitentiary and disfranchisement as well as damnation to their eternal souls? The convention will probably answer this in the negative.—Among our leading men there is a manifest opposition to any specific oath for legislators which might impede their intercourse with the base miscreants of the lobby. It is not oaths in general that are objected to—we all admit that judges, jurors and witnesses ought to be sworn. We do not let an arbitrator or a road viewer undertake his duty without putting him under oath. The smallest private trust is guarded by oaths of great solemnity. An executor, administrator or guardian must promise on oath beforehand that he will be faithful, and afterwards he must swear again to every transaction, item by item, that he has honestly executed his trust. All this is admitted to be necessary and proper. But when if comes to swearing a member of the legislature that he has not betrayed or will not betray the high and sacred trust reposed in him, then this convention raises its hands and turns up the whites of its eyes in holy horror. Whenever an oath is proposed that abridges the corrupting influence of the lobby, then the piety of some gentlemen gets awfully shocked, and they have tender religious scruples against the multiplication of oaths. It is impossible even to pacify them by assuring them that in their case we will only ask them to affirm.

It is especially necessary that this oath against receiving gifts shall be taken in view of the condition in which your constitution is put by the thirteenth section of the article on legislation. There is a definition of bribery there which makes any gift of money to a member of the legislature perfectly innocent and legal unless you can connect it with words or acts which express or imply a contract between the giver and the receiver that the money is paid for the vote and the vote given for the money. You must affirmatively prove a corrupt bargain. The mere receipt of money from an interested party is not bribery. This is an entirely new rule and gives unlimited license to the most open and shameless corruption.

Sir Robert Walpole said that every man had his price; and he bought the house of commons by putting a bank of England bill for the proper amount into each member's vest pocket, without saying a word. Under your new constitution that would not be bribery.

The gifts bestowed on Lord Bacon were not one of them accompanied by a contract that he should decree in favor of the donor. They professed to be merely presents; and he declared to the end of his life that he never was in fact influenced by them. Yet he was found guilty on his own confession. "I do acknowledge," said he, "that I am guilty of corruption."

The great Yazoo fraud in 1796 was managed without a bargain. A body of adventurers applied to the legislature of Georgia for a grant of the public domain, and got it by simply distributing among the members deeds for a portion of the land. The next legislature repealed the law—tore it out of the statute book—burnt it ignominiously in the public square—ordered the courts to expunge from the records of every county all papers that recited it. "To the intent," says the repealing law, "that no remembrance of this infamous transaction may remain on the earth, except this, its solemn condemnation." But that was no crime if your definition of bribery be a good one.

Neither was the La Crosse railroad company guilty of bribing the Wisconsin legislature. The bonds of the company were laid upon the desks of members, thrust into the hands of the governor and put upon the tables of the judges, but no promise, agreement or contract, no understanding, express or implied, was had that any vote should be given or withheld.

If it be true that money in large amounts was openly distributed at Harrisburg to the members at the taverns, on the streets and in the halls of the two houses, at the time when the tonnage tax was repealed, it did not come within your definition of bribery. Caldwell, McDonald, Patterson, (all descicples of the Harrisburg school,) never gave a bribe or took one before or after their election to the United States senate. Ames and Alley and the whole credit mobilier set are guiltless because they made no bargains for the votes they bought with the stock which "they placed where it would do most good."

Why, Mr. President, if the new constitution passes in its present shape any body that pleases may set out a table, piled with greenbacks in the rotunda of the State capitol, and with perfect impunity hand them out to the members of both houses as they pass through, provided he does not do or say anything which can be construed as a bargain for votes. I have no right to say that the section I allude to was designed by its framer to have this scandalous effect. It looks like a mere ignorant bungle. If it stands it will disgrace the intelligence if not the integrity of this convention forever.

Let me be understood. I assert that the mere naked receipt of money, property or other valuable thing by any officer, judicial, executive or legislative, from a person who has an interest in his official action is *ipso facto* bribery, though it be not given for a vote or a judgment, but wholly without any understanding of that kind or of any kind. Nay, if the officer declares that he will act against the interests of the donor, and even if he does actually vote or decide against him, it is still bribery, upon the principle settled three thousand years ago, that "a gift blindeth the eye and perverteth the judgment of the righteous."

I have referred to this part of the article on legislation to show that unless you swear your legislators against taking gifts you have no protection at all against bribery. You must have something to counteract the corruption which that article invites, unless you desire to throw the reins loose on the neck of these scoundrels and let them carry you whithersoever they please.

If it be your will and the will of the people you represent to have no check upon the rampant corruption that reigns and riots at Harrisburg, you have given yourselves much unnecessary trouble about election laws and the apportionment of the districts. What matters it how the legislature is chosen if the lobby is to govern us anyhow? They may as well be the spawn of a fraudulent ballot-box as not.

But I am not speaking with the remotest prospect that this measure can be carried. We are out on a forlorn hope. From the time it was first proposed until now, the foremost men of this body have given it every possible mark of their dislike. It would be received, I am sure, with almost rapturous approval by the honest people of the State, but it is not intended here that the people shall have a chance to express their opinion on it. The utmost I expect is a square vote against me. But the record will attest that I have done my duty faithfully, though feebly. The proposition will be voted down, corruption will be throned and sceptred and crowned; the lease of power will be indefinitely extended to the men who now rule us for their pleasure and plunder us for their profit. Let all the rings rejoice.

The section was carried.

GORED TO DEATH.—A shockingly tragical occurrence took place at the farm of Mr. Sidney Oram, near Scranton, Pa., on Friday last, by which an old man named William Hill lost his life. Hill took a special pride in tending to a bull kept by Mr. Oram in a barn not far from his residence. Hill went into the barn to feed the bull. Early in the morning Mr. Oram got up and went into the barn to look after his stock. On his return, he was met by Mrs. Oram in a terrible state of excitement, who exclaimed, "Oh, Sidney, poor Willie!" She had heard an unusual noise coming from the direction of the barn; and as if by presentiment, supposed some one had been killed by the mad bull.

Mr. Oram and his wife proceeded to the barn, and there at the door they found poor old Hill, in a kneeling posture, his hands resting on the ground and his head bent between them. His hat was off and his long gray hair was tossed over his forehead and clotted in the blood oozing from a great scar on the right temple, produced, it is supposed, by being tossed against some jagged corner or nail in the framework of the barn. What is most strange about the matter is that the barn-door was adjusted and fastened. It is supposed that the old man on receiving the fatal wounds retreated from his powerful assailant, and before he became enfeebled from hemorrhage succeeded in securing the door and then fell forward into the position in which he was found.

Upon examination it was found that the bull had struck him on the right side, completely smashing three ribs and tearing out a large piece of one, together with severing the lungs in a shocking manner, and ripping his victim clear across from the right to the left breast. A doctor was called in, but it was too late. Hill was dead.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN LYCOMING COUNTY.—About four miles from Williamsport resided for many years an aged couple named McBride. It was generally supposed that they had a great quantity of gold concealed in their dwelling, and this supposition led to the cruel tragedy which was enacted on Tuesday night of last week. About noon on Wednesday a neighbor, having occasion to visit the house, was horrified to discover the lifeless and mangled remains of Mrs. McBride lying on the floor, while a short distance from her was her husband breathing, but insensible. Assistance was promptly called, the alarm raised, and officers set to work to discover, if possible, the author of this damnable deed.

On Wednesday night a man named Nelson Wade entered a Williamsport house of prostitution, and began to spend money in a liberal manner. It was noticed that he carried more gold than one man is apt to come by honestly in these times, and the woman of the house, who had heard of the murder, slipped out and acquainted the police with her suspicions. Wade was promptly arrested, and a search of his person revealed the fact that he had in his possession $9,000 in gold. In the course of the evening he made a full confession, admitting that he had beaten the aged couple with a club, and that he did the deed for the money. Mr. McBride was living at last accounts, but cannot recover.

JOHN MITCHELL HIPPLE, who, thirteen years ago, was a Butler county lawyer, and who was elected last September as a radical to the United States Senate from Oregon, under the assumed name of JOHN HIPPLE MITCHELL, has presented a petition to the Portland (Oregon) Court, praying that a decree may be made declaring JOHN HIPPLE MITCHELL to be his true legal name. *Hipple* or *Mitchell!* By either name he would smell as sweet.

## *A Phantom Train.*

STRANGE STORY FROM FACTORYVILLE—A SUPERNATURAL TRAIN FILLED WITH AGONIZED PASSENGERS WHIRLING BY WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT IN THE LONE HOURS OF THE NIGHT—DESCRIPTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE DREAD SCENE.

[Special Correspondence Pittsburgh Leader.]

FACTORYVILLE, PA, July 22, 1873.—To-day I said to Mr. Irwin McHenry, of this place:

"Have you ever heard the phantom train which is said to run down the railroad track in this vicinity in the night-time?"

Mr. McHenry, who is an humble coal-miner, and who lives up the road about a mile above Factoryville, took his pipe out of his mouth as he said solemnly:

"I 'ave, sorr."

"A real phantom train?"

"You can call it wot you like, sorr. I 'ave seen a train wot was not 'uman pass over 'ere many a night, sorr.

"I am much interested. Will you please tell me about it?"

The honest miner assented, and I seated myself by his side and in front of his house. Mr. McHenry's house was a very humble one, situated upon an elevated bit of ground half-way between the tunnel above Factoryville and the curve beyond the depot of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad.

During the day I had beed lounging about the little hamlet of Factoryville, listening idly to the stories of the dwellers therein about

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

It seems the bit of track between Factoryville and the tunnel has been the scene of many incidents. Upon several occasions, trains, or portions thereof, have been pitched down the embankment around the curve, and in more than one case lives have been lost. About a year ago the phantom train appeared the night before one of the most serious of the accidents that ever occurred upon the road. Then the phantom train was thought to be a forerunner of disaster, but since that it has been heard very often. Hardly an evening passes but what the train is heard. So natural is the sound of this visionary train that guests of the Factoryville hotel, waiting for night trains, have been deceived to the extent of rushing out, in great haste, so near would it seem.

In my walks about Factoryville I heard so much of the phantom train, that my credulity was taxed to the uttermost, but it was rather staggering to find every inhabitant of Factoryville an implicit believer in the fact of the train passing through during the untanny hours of night. Indeed, I have yet to find any one here who has not heard it at least more than once. They speak of it with a solemn pride, slightly tinged with awe when nightfall comes on. But in the daytime, they speak of it more lightly, but never in an incredulous way.

THE CONVERSATION

alluded to in the opening of the letter, occurred about six o'clock in the evening, yesterday. I had left Factoryville in the afternoon to take a walk up the haunted stretch of track and had stopped on my way at an humble habitation by the roadside for a glass of water. I was very kindly received, and as Mr. McHenry was in from his work in the mines, and resting out on the green sward in front of the house, I begged permission to join the group.

THE SCENE

was well worth a painter's sketch. The humble, dingy-looking cottage, overrun with moss and tangled vines, whose interior, revealed by an open doorway, showed the thrift and tidiness of the housekeeper; nestled at the foot of a huge oak tree, whose huge branches spread out as if to protect the little home. Back of it, against the horizon, stretched gloomy-browed hills, covered with a dense verdure. Between them and the house were other residences of miners, but scattered far apart.

But the main interest of the picture lay in the foreground. A sturdy miner with sinews of iron lay upon the green grass smoking his evening pipe with an air of placid content pleasant to see. Little children divided their attention between their parent and a large shaggy dog, which was very patient with the little ones. The mother sat back engaged in mending her good man's smock, as a contented smile lighted up her good English face when she looked at her family grouped in front of her.

The miner was eloquent upon the subject of the phantom train, and when he talked the round eyes of the children grew rounder and larger as they ceased their play and crept under the protecting wing of their mother's petticoats. I remained in conversation with the miner until the sun set behind the hills and a little moaning breeze began to tell of the approaching night.

AN IRRESISTIBLE FASCINATION

kept me to the spot. The miner, perceiving my interest in the subject of the phantom train invited me to remain during the night, as he had a spare cot; where I could catch a nap, if I should miss the sight of the train. I eagerly accepted his invitation, and with the company of a cigar I began my lonely watch, as the miner retired early; for he needed the rest for his next day's work.

* * * * * * *

It was a quiet, moonless summer night. The stars lazily blinked down through the hazy night, while the saddest of melancholy breezes kept up a dreary sobbing in the direction of the tunnel. Crickets in the grass maintained a monotonous chirping. Nature conspired to produce in me a feeling of depression. The blazing star of my cigar and its refreshing comfort consoled me in a measure, so that I became after a time quite dreamy.

In the neighborhood of ten o'clock I felt a chill wind, which wakened me instantly. That cold wind seemed a presage of the phantom train. I was alert enough now and listened intently while staring in the direction of the gloomy tunnel.

At first I heard nothing but the moaning of the winds. The leaves above my head rustled loudly upon my now doubly keen perceptions; the cricket's chirp seemed like a shriek.

Listen. Yes there is a faint somd. A subdued roar, a far away whistle. The phantom train is coming!

My heart stands still for a moment, and then throbs wildly as if it would escape as the noise of the train becomes more distinct.

Louder and louder becomes the roar. The click, click of the wheels, the shriek of the steam whistle, the roar and reverberation of a fast-flying express, strike with stunning force upon my ears.

A faint light is now seen at the mouth of the tunnel, and then with an unearthly screech the glaring headlight of an engine emerges from the gloom and lights up the track with a sickly, phosphorescent glare.

It is the phantom train!

I could not avert my head now if I would. I am frozen to my seat with an awful dread. The train sweeps down the track with the speed of thought, but I can trace its every detail.

The engineer is a tall, straight man, with a set, stony, white face, from which gleam balls of fire instead of eyes.

From the windows of the train I see white agonized faces of men, women an children. Groans and shrieks of dread agony come to me as if from the hosts of the eternally lost.

See, the train is overturning. It disappears down the embankment; ah, that last view! That look of the agonized mother, with a little baby strained to her bosom, will ever haunt me.

Suddenly I feel a hand on my shoulder. "Good God!" I exclaim with terror, so unnerved am I by the terrible sight which I have just witnessed.

But the voice of the miner reassures me, and I follow him wearily to my humble bed, where I strive in sleep to forget the phantom train. C**

## *The Monster Air-Ship.*

In answer to numerous inquiries on the subject, the New York *Graphic*, patron of the enterprise, gives the following details as to the dimensions, material, outfit, etc., of the balloon to be used in the great transatlantic voyage. They are from specifications made by Mr. Donaldson: There will be two balloons, the largest of which will be 318 feet in circumference, 100 feet in diameter, and 110 feet in height. When inflated and ready to start the extreme hight of the apparatus, from the crown of the balloon to the keel of the lifeboat, will be 160 feet.

The great balloon will require 4,316 yards of unbleached sheeting, of thick, close quality. The crown of the balloon will be doubled for a distance of fifty feet of the top, with 150 yards of the same material, and a third thickness will be added of bleached, of which 250 yards will be required.

There will be 14,080 yards, or eight miles of sewing, in which 10,137,000 stitches will be made. The thread used is silk and cotton, the top spool being silk.

The valve of the balloon will be three feet in diameter, and made of Spanish cedar, with a rubber-coated clapper closing on a brass plate. The network will be composed of three-strand tarred rope, known as "marlin." The width of the net will be 212 meshes, and its breaking strength will be 58,300 lbs. Five hundred pounds of "marlin" will be used. From the netting 53 ropes ⅝ inches in diameter, of Manilla, will connect with the concentrating rings. These ropes will each be 90 feet in length, or 4,770 feet in the aggregate. The concentrating rings will be three in number, to guard against breakage, and will be each fourteen inches in diameter, each ring being of wood, iron bound. These rings will sustain the car, lifeboat and trailing rope, and will bear the strain when the anchor is thrown out in landing. From the concentrating rings twenty-four Manilla 1-inch ropes, each 22 feet long, will depend and form the frames for an octagonal shaped car. They will be kept in place by light hoops, made of ash.

The lower ropes will be connected with network, and over the network at the bottom of the car a light pine floor will be laid loosely, so that it can be thrown out if required. The car will be covered with duck, of which 50 yards will be required. Attached to the side of the car will be a light iron windlass, from which the boat and trail rope can be raised and lowered as may be desired. From a pulley attached to the concentrating rings, a heavy Manilla rope will fall down through the car, and thence to a sling, attached to which will be a lifeboat. This boat will have watertight compartments, sliding keel, and will be so made that it will be self-righting. The boat will be so provided with a complete outfit of oars and sails, and to it will be lashed instruments, guns, lines, &c., and provisions for thirty days, all in watertight cases.

The trail rope, by which the æronaut can maintain any desired altitude without resorting to ballast, will be of Manilla rope 1¼ inches thick; 1,000 feet long.

The car will be fully provided with instruments, provisions, &c., independently of the boat. It will be so constructed as to be taken apart piecemeal and disposed of as ballast. It will carry about 5,000 pounds of ballast, which will consist of bags of sand, each carefully weighed and marked. A number of carrier pigeons will be taken along and dispatched at intervals on the route with intelligence of the progress of the expedition.

The smaller balloon will be forty feet in hight and thirty-four feet in diameter, and will be made from 408 yards of sheeting. Its network will consume twenty pounds of forty thread cotton cord and six pounds of Italian hemp. It will be attached to the concentrated rings of the large balloon, and will be used as may be required to test the upper currents or assist in feeding the large balloon.

The balloons will be coated with a varnish made of boiled beeswax and benzine, and of these ingredients 1,000 gallons will be used. The capacity of the great balloon will be 600,000 cubic feet of gas, but it will be inflated with but 400,000 cubic feet, which at the hight of one mile and three-quarters, will expand sufficiently to fill the balloon. The lifting power of illuminating gas is about 35 pounds to the 1,000 feet, so that the balloon will have a lifting capacity of 11,500 pounds. The pressure will be 1¼ lbs. to the square inch.

The weight may be summed up as follows: Balloon 4,000 pounds, net and ropes 800 pounds, car 100 pounds, anchor and grapnels 200 pounds, sundries 300 pounds, total 7,100 pounds. Then 4,500 pounds will be allowed for passengers and ballast.

THE WILLIAMSPORT TRAGEDY.—*Fears of Lynching the Murderer Manifested.*—Within the past few days much has been said and written about the manner in which Nelson E. Wade, the McBride murderer, conducts himself, and the coolness with which he relates the incidents connected with the horrible crime he stands guilty of committing. His boastful style and apparent unconcern is believed by those who have closely studied his character to be assumed, and the opinion is rapidly gaining ground that he will be humble as a child when called upon to ascend the platform of the gallows. This theory may not prove correct, but one point favors this opinion. On Saturday, when Chief Coder repaired to the jail to conduct Wade to the Recorder's office, the Chief informed the prisoner that the people and especially the woman, were highly indignant at him, and that there were strong probabilities he would be lynched—but, said the chief, "if you are to meet such a fate don't blame the officers." Wade looked up, with a peculiar expression of countenance, and manifested an uneasiness that was observed by the chief. This fact plainly demonstrates that his boasts of having no fears about lynching are only made for effect, and that his stories about murdering so many persons, and of lynching men, are related for the purpose of notoriety, as he is just ignorant enough to think it a great achievement to impress visitors with the idea that he has been a perfect barbarian all his days. That he is branded as a murderer is sufficient to know, but that he is a willful and unheard of falsifier there cannot remain a doubt.

—A correspondent of the Pittsburg *Commercial* from Lock Haven states that while a party of young women from Queen's Run were gathering huckleberries on the mountain just back of the settlement they were attacked by a huge panther. All the women fled but one named Jerusha Bryan, who seized a pine knot and after a close contest of a few minutes laid the monster dead at her feet. Her garments were torn into shreds, and her face and arms badly scratched, but she walked home in triumph. The panther measured six feet ten inches in length.

## *News and Political Items.*

—It was a white spider whose bite killed Capt. Joseph Jackson, of Rochester, N. H.

—An ox killed by lightning in Ohio did not have a piece of bone left in his body an inch long.

—John McBride, the second victim of the Wade murder, died on Sunday. It is remarked Saturday that McBride was a good liver.

—Servant girls in Montana get $100 a month, with the use of a sewing machine, besides three nights out in the week.

—A woman in Haverhill, Mass., poured kerosene over a cow which was troubling her upon her premises, and then set the animal on fire.

—The Modoc murderers have been found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. All the proceedings have been sent to Washington for approval.

—A guest at Atlantic City, it is said, had a diamond as large as a hen's egg. Probably a black diamond is this case, a hen sister or a canary hen is meant.

—Baltimore had a $900,000 fire one day. One hundred and fourteen buildings were destroyed and fifty or sixty families left homeless. One death from fire.

—The Minnesota wheat crop is now ready for the reapers, is estimated at millions of bushels more than any crop, while Kansas reports the largest ever grown in that State.

—A recent visitor to one of the islands on the coast of Maine discovered a school of forty scholars, all of whom were the children of one man. He was proud of the most extensive grandfather in the world.

—An old lady in Kinderhook, N. Y., who has been nearly blind for two years, has lately recovered her sight completely and can now thread her needle and read the Bible as easily as she could when a child years old.

—Lewistown has a ninety-two year old lady who hoes her garden and reads the Old and New Testaments through three times during her life, and is now on the fifth round. She is as lively as a cricket and enjoys excellent health.

—J. J. Early, of Lancaster, county, found on Monday morning about two miles from Mount Holly, N. J., with his throat cut almost from ear to ear. He says that he had been waylaid and robbed by three colored men. His recovery is doubtful.

—At Rogersville, Ohio, on Saturday night, during the trial of a man named Jeff. Davis, for raping a nine-year old girl, the lights in the room were put out, the prisoner dragged out of doors and beaten almost to death with revolvers, and then dragged by the heels two squares and hung to a tree, where he was left till dead.

—Since the postal cards were first issued, seventy millions have been ordered. The manufacturers cannot supply the demand, and have received permission from the Government to use a single roller, with which they can manufacture a million a day, instead of six hundred thousand, as is done with the double roller.

—That young girl who annually cuts her father's entire crop of wheat with a pair of horses and a Buckeye reaper, in Erie county this year. Besides doing this feat she refused the attentions of the clerks in a neighboring town, and will thrash more oats in a given time than any other youth in the county.

—A prisoner confined in the Wellsboro (Pa.,) jail for some offence, was a great favorite with the Sheriff, who allowed him the freedom of the jail-yard. One day the last he took advantage of the privilege to lock his benefactor in the jail and leave the country for parts unknown. The Sheriff remained in confinement for several hours, before he could attract attention, and the door had to be broken in with a sledge.

—A curious accident occurred at Delphia on Sunday. Mary Smith, a girl of five years, was sitting on the front steps of her residence, in the southern part of the city. Mrs. Cooper, an occupant of the house, went to the attic window, and with a long flag-staff some three feet long, with a brass head, was engaged in cleaning out a water-spout, when the stick slipped from her hand, and, falling perpendicularly, entered the child's skull, causing almost instant death.

—A St. Louis journal tells the story of a Missouri youth who has been persecuted by a married woman of that city, to him to distraction. She has followed him everywhere, and his parents finally bought him off per the Kansas Pacific road to Denver. The next day; but, before the train had gone many miles, the woman burst through the door of the ladies' smoking car, and flung her arms around the neck of the young man's neck. He is now under the arrangements for a burglar-proof safe, with a duplex elliptic combination lock.

—A singular case is reported from Massachusetts State prison in which a petition for the pardon of one Clark, who is serving out a life sentence. In 1865 he was put in for life, on a charge of murder, and in 1871 was pardoned out ten years after, on showing that he was in all probability falsely imprisoned, the condition of his release being that he should be disfranchised, if convicted of any other crime, and serve out his life sentence. In 1872 Clark was arrested for assault and battery, and according to the terms of his pardon was sent back.

—Victor Emmanuel, says the Philadelphia *Dispatch*, swells himself out to be an Emperor. He sends word to France that if Marshal Mahon's government don't quit fooling with the Republican party there is going to be serious trouble in France, and in the event of war, he will be ready to paralyze a portion of France, and will take from her losses of provinces and indemnities more than three times as terrible than those of 1870. That would be fine for the King of Italy. It must be a very bitter feeling in Paris, particularly when it is remembered that France pays for her army, and whatever little importance she has. Of course there is no likelihood that Victor Emmanuel will get in resources enough from France to do so, but it would permit of Italian troops to be sent to Rome, and still the threat is not pleasant.

—The case of the American prisoners in Fort Garry, Hoag and Keegan, is one that will probably give trouble. The Chief Justice, Judge McKenzie of the Queen's Bench, refused bail for their appearance at the October assizes, as a consequence they were remanded in custody until October, to lie, as the correspondent pathetically puts it, in a living tomb. This decision seems unnecessarily severe, and as it is asserted Hoag and Keegan have not the right to pursue Gordon through the territory under common law, it is more than likely they will demand bitter satisfaction. In any event the affair will excite a deep feeling through the United States, as Gordon was undoubtedly a criminal in violation of the British laws in every attempt to capture him was practical.

—Early Sunday morning last, Conway, of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, lost control of his engine on a down grade two miles east of Afton, and at a forty-five miles west of Cumberland, when the engine ran away, and colliding with over forty miles an hour, smashed into the rear of a freight train, demolishing a number of cars loaded with corn, cotton and tobacco. Another from the west, scattering the contents of the cars over the track. Engineer Conway and fireman Martin and Ellsworth, of Barbour and Harrison counties, Virginia, were killed. T. Burke, conductor, and E. Carnery, brakeman, of Piedmont,

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Aug. 1, 1873.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Prize anagram (no complimentary)—Hittehikelell.

—The potatoes, oats, corn and other crops will "pan out" well in this county.

—A tree fell on Geo. Byers and crushed him to death, one day last week, near Getteysburg, Indiana county.

—A drunken man was hauled to the Altoona lock-up in a go-cart Wednesday morning. Local option.

—John Scanlan, Esq., Democratic candidate for Assembly," is what the *Voice* calls him. What's in a name?

—John Fenlon, Esq., and family dined on the first home-made ripe tomatoes of the season, Tuesday last. Selah!

—Mr. Jas. Gill, up north, believes that three of his mares were poisoned to death last Sunday. They were very valuable.

—Two girls residing at Lilly's Station spent two days and one night in the woods during the week—lost in the woods while gathering huckleberries.

—Dr. J. S. Wakefield, of Johnstown, is the possessor of a rocking chair which has been in nearly, if not quite, one hundred years in the family.

—In Bellia, Somerset county, recently, the Lodge of Good Templars was broken up, the furniture sold, and a wine supper had with the proceeds.

—A first-class two horse phaeton and harness, nearly as good as new, is offered for sale at a great bargain. Apply to Lewis Sapp, Loretto, Pa.

—Somerset is the abiding place of a man who has a four year old horse which still runs in harness without a neigh. One hundred dollars will buy him.

—J. C. T., as Robbins in the play of "The Loan of a Lover," made somebody else's waggle a good deal for a "brief space of period," 'tother day.

—The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* calls him Samuel McHenry, and still it don't help him on the road to the State Fair. "No Irish need apply."

—A post-office has been established at Rockwood, this county, and G. B. Stineman, Esq., appointed P. M. A good move and competent, gentlemanly officer.

—Pandemonium — Does the "squibist" who has a enmity to this remark, "Conductor of the Ebensburg Branch, understand how to serve ruffians," know "how himself?"

—Henry Pfeifer, of Jordan township, this county, is charged with violating the person of a deaf and dumb girl aged seven years. The accused is past seventy years of age.

—A little daughter of Mr. John Ott, of Johnstown, was struck by an engine belonging to the Cambria Iron Company, last Saturday morning, and severely though not dangerously injured.

—A young lady named Martha Butler was terribly burned in Coopersdale, this county, on Wednesday afternoon, by her clothing fire from a cook stove, that she cannot live.

—Two barns near Elderton, Indiana county, were struck by lightning and burned to the ground recently. Two horses and several cows perished in one of the barns of Mrs. Kimmell.

—One of the most energetic and worthiest boys of our town, Messrs. George Scott and Ed. Humphreys, are on the sick list, but both, we are pleased to say, are in a fair way of speedy recovery.

—Mr. Bromley struck James Phelan on the head with a fence rail, during the progress of a fight at Little Toby, Elk county, last Saturday week, and injured him so that he died in twelve hours. Bromley escaped.

—Several of the local papers, daily and weekly, have found out, about one month after the *Freeman* announced the fact, that the third track is *not* to be laid through the Allitzin tunnel—arching being the reason in hand.

—The beligerent brother of a deluded parent hunting for a Bible agent in town the other day, but the game was off before the pistol, and now the injured parties are out two V's instead of one revenge and vengeance.

—"Here's your whisky!" was the touchstone mark of an Altoona expressman as he carried a neat little box, forwarded from Brown, under the J-olly T-inted H-andle, a journalistic face in that vicinage. It was true what the expressman said. The *Voice* declares that "John *H.* Scott is one of the most outspoken men in Ebensburg, and a man of good sense and judgment." John *H.* should be D—d—delighted to learn that a change has come over the spirit of the *Voice's* dream at long last.

—The love sick swain who attempted to "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," under his lady love's window the other night, will of course wish to be understood in future as those mischievous boys around the corner seemed to have understood it when they rocked him home to sleep.

—A youth named Baird, who lives in Ebensburg, fell from a cart and broke his arm some time ago. It was mending nicely, but last Sunday he fell on the railroad track and again disunited it. This is the fourth fracture of an arm except by this unfortunate lad.

—A gleam of kindly recognition in the eye and a two dollar William in his hand upon us our good-looking friend, Mr. Ed. O'Brien, late of the town of Ormsby, Pa., no longer than yesterday. Such visitors are always welcome than numerous.

—Information is wanted of an eleven year old girl named Rosanna Hughes, who came to Lower Prospect on Monday, 21st, and has not since been seen. She has light, curly hair and eyes, and is rather stoutly built. Address Hughes, Johnstown, Pa.

—Wherley made a "ten strike" the other day in the purchase of Col. B. Scott's handsome two-story frame house and lot of ground, on Julian street, Altoona, and two-and-a-half acres of land—for all which he paid the nominal sum of $1,350 cash. Dog gone!

—Boys that are dark and tricks that are vain found some willing victims during Ambrugh's show in Loretto on the day of last week. One verdant was taken out completely, losing $31, and his friend had to go home without seeing the show having "nary red" left. Another victim and so on to the end of the chapter. The loss, estimated by the Altoona *Tribune*, by better authority, that at least $1,000 worth of berries will be shipped from Wilmore, Portage, Lilly's, and Wilson's station this summer. One woman at Portage last week picked and sold $15 worth of huckleberries, and boys and girls of tender years average $1.50 per day at the business.

—Our good friend J. C. Riffle, of Johnstown, we are pleased to note, has purchased the entire establishment at Parker City, between which and his long established stand in Johnstown he proposes henceforth to divide his allegiance. Mr. Riffle understands how to put on the livery of good style and handsome turn-outs to serve the public, and that he does that same with a degree of felicity is beyond doubt or cavil. Good luck attend him in his new venture.

—One of those unmitigated nuisances known as tramps stole a gold watch valued at $150 from J. Wilson Greenland, Esq., of Huntingdon, on Friday. The watch was in the pocket of Mr. W.'s vest, which garment had been taken off and hung on a porch in the rear of the law office of J. Simpson Africa, Esq. The thief was not captured.

—A few days ago, a fatal accident occurred at Morgan & Co.'s slope, about one mile west of Latrobe, resulting in the death of an unknown man, and crushing the hand of a Mr. James Newcomer. It seems that the wire rope used for the hoisting and lowering of trucks parted, and let the truck run back into the pit, producing the above result.

—A gentleman named Goodrich, or Goodman, has just became possessor by right of purchase of Father Christy's neat little cottage in this place, for which he "socked up" the snug sum of $1,000. The same gentleman is credited with the purchase of $75,000 worth of timber land in Cambria and Clearfield counties, which may be considered a "big thing" on timber land.

—Information is wanted of George Stafford, by his brothers Christopher and Michael, who are now in Clearfield, Penna. He left Clearfield about the 1st of August, 1872, and has not been heard of by his brothers. Information from Ireland to his advantage is in the possession of his brothers, and they would like to know of his whereabouts. Other papers will confer a favor by copying.

—A young lady named Aukney fell out of a second story window in Somerset or somewhere near that place, a few nights ago, and when found on the ground, some twelve or fourteen feet beneath the window was still snoozing away, perfectly uninjured. The man that takes that girl to wife will have a happy time of it waking her up cold mornings to make the fire and cook the breakfast.

—A lad named Edmiston, aged about 9 years, son of Mr. Elias Edmiston, of Susquehanna township, was drowned in a millpond, on Tuesday evening last. He was amusing himself on a miniature raft, and while so engaged fell into the water and was drowned before a helping hand reached him. Some boys and girls who go boating on the dams in this vicinity should take warning by this sad occurrence.

—Two of our piscatorial friends (we *don't* know that they are our friends by any remark they made) inveigled sixty-three "speckled beauties" from their native element on Wednesday afternoon last. Where they did it we don't know to a certainty, but one of the party declares he could have caught a great many *Moore* if he had had a better nun (which of course would be an impossibility) to *Clark* for him.

—James F. Campbell, sr., the gentleman who runs the *Voice* and says he is not willing to let the *Tribune* run him (out of Johnstown), was in to see us on Wednesday. He looks as if that "little unpleasantness" didn't press down very hard on his physical frame, and talks about "fighting it out on that line" if he should have to resort to potatoes and salt to keep body and soul together. Campbell has pluck, whatever else he may lack.

—Speaking of the appointment of Father Christy, of this place, as a member of the Reception Committee for the coming meeting at Pittsburgh of the "Grand Army of the Cumberland," the Johnstown *Tribune* takes occasion to say that "the bravery of the Reverend gentleman, during the fiercest engagements of the late rebellion, is attested by many residing in this city, who belonged to the same corps, and it is no wonder that he was known throughout the south-west as 'the minister who could fight as well as pray.'"

—Capt. Dan Bolton of Oil City went *bolting* through this place the other day, in a buggy, accompanied by David Hopkins, a well known and much esteemed passenger conductor on the Pa. R. R., both of whom were *en route* for Bedford Springs. If a streak of lightning should undertake to kill all the mean cusses in creation at one fell swoop, Dan Bolton and Davy Hopkins would be sure to pass through the fiery ordeal without having as much as a single hair on their heads singed by the electric fluid. Nuff sed.

—Lucy, daughter of Andrew Wibel, dec'd, and Teresa Wibel, died in Cambria township, of diptheria, on Tuesday last, aged 6 years, 7 months and 3 days. Following close upon the death of Mr. Wibel himself, comes this sad bereavement to the widowed, stricken mother, and to this great grief is yet, in all probability, to be added the death of still another and a younger daughter, who now lies beyond hope of recovery, a victim of the same disease. Verily and indeed is the cross laid upon this poor woman's shoulders hard to be borne.

—Harry C. Tester, a typographical and editorial friend of bygone days, formerly a resident of Johnstown, paid us a friendly visit yesterday. Harry looks a hundred per cent. better now than he did when he straddled the tripod, and we are glad to know that he is doing a hundred per cent. better financially. From soft-soaping everybody newspaporially he has turned his attention to hard-soaping the people down south—that is, he is commercial agent in the south and south-west for the Virginia and Ohio Soap Company. So mote it be.

—The renowned "Hayes Quartette" gave two entertainments in this place, on Friday and Saturday evenings last, which were pretty well attended and gave very general satisfaction, as was made manifest by the rounds of applause which greeted their performance throughout. The Hayes brothers are liberal, honorable gentlemen, and their "better halves" are accomplished, amiable ladies, and as such we hope to see them prosper in the role they have assumed; still it would be base flattery in us to say that they are the equals of some troupes we have listened to. They have our best wishes none the less.

—What prompted our good old friend, Henry Fettinger, of Altoona, to do such a thing, is of course neither here nor there, but certain it is that he has sent us an elegant gilt edged, morocco bound prayer book, which of course our piety will induce us to use frequently, not forgetting to remember the gray-haired, warm-hearted giver of the good thing while so doing. By the way, we see Mr. Fettinger's name mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for Assembly, and we trust that the convention, which is to meet on the 26th of this month, will confer that honor upon him. It may be an empty honor, but empty or full, he deserves such a recognition for his unswerving devotion, in sunshine and storm, to the good old cause which made and preserved us a nation. Let him be nominated, say we.

—We are gratified to note the fact that our friend Captain John H. Murray, of the Phœnix Foundry, Hollidaysburg, has obtained letters patent on an improved self-lubricating and chilled hub pit wheel, which promises to create a revolution in that particular branch of industry. The chilled hub dispenses with the boring out process and makes a wheel which will not only run from six to eight weeks with a consumption of only one-half pint of oil, but will outlast any wheel now in use. Orders are already pouring in upon our ingenious friend in great numbers, one being for eight hundred wheels, another for one hundred cars complete, and so on *ad infinitum*. At this rate of going of course an ample fortune will soon be raked in—and as a friend of the patentee and all concerned we expect to get a big "divvy" out of the pile.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HOLLIDAYSBURG.—We take it that anything which marks the progress or tends to the adornment of a town deserves the commendation of all citizens, and more especially the laudations of the public press. Hence it is that we deem it an oversight on part of the Hollidaysburg papers, which are among the best and livest local sheets published in or out of the State, for having thus far failed to note the commendable transformation now approaching completion at St. Mary's (Catholic) church in that place. All who have ever visited this church previous to the taking on of its present beautiful appearance, will remember what a sombre, not to say gloomy, aspect the interior of the edifice presented, owing of course to the predominance of oaken, green and other dark hues which covered altar, ceiling, walls, pews, etc. All this has been changed, and he who enters it to-day with a knowledge of what it has been would find some difficulty in recognizing it as the same building, judging alone from what he beholds. The altar has been painted a pure white, adorned with gilded ornamentations, and being in form without a fault, it is now in finish one of the finest pieces of work of the kind that the diocese can boast of. The ceiling and walls are elaborately frescoed, the designs being the most beautiful and appropriate that ever graced the interior of a church. The work is, as the artist declared in advance it should be, a masterpiece of its kind, and well worthy of a minute description did time and space permit. The large tabernacle on the altar is a most magnificent triumph of the carver's skill, the bouquets of flowers, so beautiful in coloring and so perfect in form, cut out of solid wood, being not the least pleasing feature of the whole. This tabernacle, it is said, was captured in New Orleans during the rebellion, and finding its way North, was finally purchased for the church it now graces. It is a valuable piece of work. Over all stands the splendid painting representing as large as life Mary Magdalene kneeling at the foot of the cross, bathing with her tears the feet of the Blessed Redeemer. This *recherche* work of art has for many years been the centre of attraction in St. Mary's church, and time adds to rather than diminishes its charms.

Of the new and graceful tower almost completed, and of the great credit due to the venerable and beloved pastor and his amiable and estimable assistant, as well as to the members of the congregation, one and all, we shall take occasion to speak hereafter, want of space forbidding further pursuit of the subject at present.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.—*A Gray Headed Man Committed to Jail for an Alleged Outrage on His Daughter.*—Yesterday morning there was taken through our city *en route* to the county prison a man named Wm. J. Reed, a resident of Sinking Valley, who is charged with committing and twice repeating one of the most fiendish crimes on record—outraging the person of his daughter, Sarah Jane Reed, aged sixteen years. The prisoner is almost forty-three years old, and at the time of his arrest was living with his second wife. He is a shoemaker by trade, but is at present engaged in the work of pointing rails for fences, on Brush Mountain, for a gentleman named Thomas Coleman. He has seven children, and is reported to have been a kind husband and father.

His daughter, Sarah, who preferred the grave charges against him, has the reputation of being a self-willed and impetuous girl, and was continually making trouble in the family, although the father again and again kindly requested her to be more circumspect in her conduct. She was always shielded by her mother until forbearance on the part of the father ceased to be a virtue and he resolved to use harsh measures with her, but before an opportunity was presented for so doing the daughter appeared before a magistrate and preferred the charge as above stated, alleging that the crime was committed on Brush Mountain on two separate occasions, at noon on Wednesday and Thursday, whither she had gone to take her father his dinner.

In conversation with a representative of the *Tribune* yesterday, the prisoner related in substance the foregoing, large tears coursing down his cheeks as he did so. The story told by the daughter is a very improbable one, yet it is a sad one. We will not believe that Mr. Reed is guilty of the terrible charge preferred against him until he has been proven so. He is reputed to have been very kind to all the members of his family, and it is generally believed that his intention to check the waywardness of his daughter impelled her to trump up the serious charge to answer which he now languishes in jail. In all probability the case will be disposed of next week.—*Altoona Tribune*, 26th.

A SHINPLASTER OF YE OLDEN TIME.—A friend in Loretto has sent us for inspection a piece of paper money almost one hundred years old, issued by Maryland more than two years before the Declaration of Independence, and while she was yet a colony of Great Britain. It is printed on coarse, dirty brown paper, has been well preserved, and bears on its face the following:

> One Third of a Dollar. No. 11999.
>
> This Indented Bill of One Third of a Dollar shall entitle the Bearer hereof to Receive *Bills of Exchange* in London or *Gold and Silver* at the Rate of Four Shillings and Six-pence per *Dollar* for the said Bill, according to the Directions of an Act of Assembly of Maryland. Dated in Annapolis, this 10th Day of April Anno Domini 1774.
>
> W Eddis J Clapham
>
> *One Third of a DOLLAR.*

On the back is the figure of a tree; on the left end the words, "'Tis Death to Counterfeit;" on the right end the word "Annapolis;" on the upper border, "Printed by A. C. and F. Green," and on the lower, "One Third of a Dollar. Equal to 1 S. 6 d. Sterling." In view of our present ragged and filthy money, can we not safely predict that a century hence, a sample of our present fractional currency will be regarded with as much interest and curiosity as attach to the study of this ante-revolutionary shinplaster.

—Mr. George Hawk, of Allegheny township, says the Greensburg *Democrat*, met with a terrible accident on Friday last, while engaged in hauling hay. At noon, while Mr. Hawk and his son were unhitching the horses, his son started with one of the horses to the stable, leaving his father to bring the other. After the boy had put away the horse, and had waited some time on his father to come, he returned to the barn to see what was wrong. Upon entering the barn a horrible sight was there presented, one that baffles description. His father was prostrated upon the floor insensible; cut and bruised about the head, and covered with blood, and the thumb on the left hand torn off, with the tendons drawn out from the elbow. Mr. Hawk, at last accounts, was still insensible and lying in a very critical condition. But little hopes are entertained of his recovery. No one has been able to account for or tell how this sad and terrible affair happened.

—A Somerset county farmer, Yoder by name, together with his wife and a young lady named Kauffman, were on Wednesday precipitated over an embankment a few miles from Johnstown, in consequence of the team running away, and all of them were injured—the young lady dangerously and Mr. Yoder seriously.

### *Our New York Letter.*

SECRET CRIMES OF THE METROPOLIS—UNWITNESSED AND UNDETECTED MYSTERIES—STAGE-STRUCK GIRLS—HOW THE BALLET IS REINFORCED—A SCENE AT THE DESTRUCTION OF MARKET NUISANCES—THE BROOKLYN TRUST STEAL.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, July 29, 1873.

SECRET CRIMES.—As two men were rowing in East River, off Twenty-eighth street, the other evening, a large steamer stirred up the waters and revealed the body of a woman, which the two men secured. The body of a boy about eight years of age was tied to the woman's right foot, while around her left arm was a rope the end of which held pieces of flesh, indicating that still another body had been fastened to her. The woman's remains showed the marks of a dreadful struggle. A woman in the crowd which gathered on the wharf claimed to recognize the dead as one whom she had seen sitting on the wharf near where the body was picked up, and nothing more seems to be known of the horrible mystery. This case naturally suggests the many crimes which go unwitnessed and often undetected in this great city. The body of the woman was held down by a weight of stones, and nothing but the mighty churning of the wheels of a great steamer could have raised it to the surface. The tying of the two dead bodies together and the preparation of the weight shows a great deal of deliberation. There was a terrible struggle, for the woman's face shows that, and yet no outcry testified to, and the deliberate preparations to conceal the murder, and the throwing of the bodies from the wharf, all unwitnessed. It is full of terrible suggestions of the secret crimes of the metropolis.

HOW THE BALLET IS REINFORCED.

A remarkable scene in many respects was witnessed at Niblo's Theatre on Friday morning. In response to a short advertisement in one of the morning papers, over three hundred girls, none of whom "had ever appeared on any stage," applied for positions in the dancing and extra ballet for the forthcoming "Black Crook." It was a study for a philosopher to observe what a "motley crew" of the softer sex assembled. They did not seem to be confined to the lower classes, as might be reasonably supposed, but many of the applicants seemed to come from the medium strata of society. They were all neatly and prettily dressed, and from the assembled multitude the management selected a hundred and fifty of the most attractive, personally, and we shall have a chance to see them about August 18th.

A TOUCH OF THE LUDICROUS.

At the demolition of the Washington Market booths the other night one incident occurred which attracted attention. Mrs. Martha O'Donnell, a booth-holder of large proportions and vivacious tendencies, seated upon a box near her booth, harangued a multitude of her associates and a number of idle spectators. In a voice heard for a considerable distance around, she said: "I am Mrs. Martha O'Donnell, the A No. 1 fat woman of Washington Market. I came into this market weighing 200 pounds and I now weigh 345 pounds. I have been here fifteen years, have paid $18 a month, have made $100,000 and intend to make $100,000 more. I have a farm of ten acres on Long Island, support a husband like a gentleman and a family in luxury, and I give them fast horses and carriages with which to enjoy themselves. I have stood the most intense cold in winter without fire, and the greatest heat of summer, and have never taken cold or been overheated." She concluded by saying that there were loads of manure now lying in the cellars of Washington Market which had never been disturbed, and the lessees were not troubled for reasons best known to the Board of Health.

MIS-TRUST.

The depositors of the Brooklyn Trust Co. are promised a dividend of fifty per cent. on the 11th of August. Affairs at the office of the Company remain unchanged. Mr. Chauncey, the receiver, is not visible to inquiring seekers after knowledge, and the question of bankruptcy is now before the court for settlement. The stockholders will meet in a day or two to discuss whether Mr. Chauncey has been properly appointed receiver and whether the proceedings in bankruptcy are the best course under the circumstances. B.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Those who have read the delectable controversy which of late has been going on and may not yet be ended between the Johnstown *Tribune* and *Voice*, will appreciate the following "take off" on some of the "arguments" used, which we find in Wednesday's issue of the Altoona *Tribune*. A paper addicted to its "Todd," despite the terrors of local option, is about the only kind that would propose to make such outrageous bets as these:

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that Altoona is in Blair county.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that women do not like to pass over the Sixteenth street bridge after nightfall.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that butter is scarce.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that the mob which nightly assembles in front of the Postoffice is an unmitigated nuisance.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that no Altoonian is happy who is obliged to go to Hollidaysburg as a witness in a whisky case.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that Eighth avenue would be the nicest street in this city if the Council only did their entire duty towards its improvement.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that the Mingo Chief Logan is not proprietor of our Logan House.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that a coach-and-four could be driven through some of the holes which abound on many of our sidewalks, without materially injuring the holes.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that Mr. John Long did not invent the electric telegraph.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that Limberger cheese is not entirely a liquid.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that Mr. Fish Commissioner Hewitt has not stocked Mill Run with bass, whether black or other hue.

We will bet ten dollars, and prove it, that Local Option is either a grand success or a magnificent failure.

These bets are thrown out, not for home consumption, but to the end that Johnstown editors, who seem to be afflicted with a superabundance of lucre, may be afforded an opportunity to invest their surplusage in a business which will probably pay them a good dividend on their venture.

A MAN'S HEAD CUT OFF BY THE CARS.—On Wednesday morning last, a stranger attempted to board the second Tyrone Coal train, at the coal siding, between this place and Mill Creek, and in some unaccountable manner he was precipitated beneath the train, his body resting between the tracks, so that his neck was immediately upon one of the rails, and a portion of the train passed over him, severing his head close to his body, as neatly as if it had been done by an expert executioner. The head was dragged several feet from its trunk. The body was but little injured, though almost stripped of every vestage of clothing. His coat was dragged upwards of one hundred yards. He had a companion who had joined him at Altoona, and they were stealing their way to the coast. From him it was learned that the unfortunate man was an Englishman by birth, and that he was seeking the coast to return to England. A few papers were found upon him, but neither from them nor his comrade could his name be ascertained. The railroad company took charge of his remains.—*Huntingdon Journal.*

### *Local Correspondence.*

CARROLLTOWN, July 29, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—The son of Mr. John (not Charles, as your types had it last week,) Flick, whom I noticed as having been kicked and dangerously injured by a horse, is still living, but erysipelas having set in, as was feared by the attending physicians, his case is now beyond hope—at least all reasonable hope.

The fresco painters are now at work beautifying the interior of St. Benedict's church. This was a much needed improvement and will add greatly to the appearance of the edifice when completed.

A young man who recently arrived in our place as agent for the sale of shrubbery, etc., was invited a few days ago by the Burgess, or rather by the President of Council, to contribute fifty cents and costs to the finances of the borough, which invitation he rather hesitatingly accepted, remarking, however, that "the paltry fifty cents was a trifle compared to a man's right and *will* to ride as he pleased." On Saturday last the same gentleman was again called upon to answer the charge of recklessly galloping through our borough, and this time he boldly confessed the "soft impeachment," no doubt anticipating another "paltry fifty cent fine," but in this second venture he was considerably nonplussed when the same authority gave him to understand that in view of this being his second offence, etc., five dollars and costs to a like amount would probably be sufficient to reimburse the borough treasury for his reckless pastime. This amount he failed to have under his immediate control, and told the Burgess that he might "whistle for it." That official preferred to let the fruit tree man do the whistling, and accordingly consigned him to the lock-up, where, unmolested and unannoyed, he might pursue that method of rendering an equivalent for the fine imposed. After a few hours' deep and calm deliberation, he considered it full time to reconsider his first consideration, and accordingly furnished the requisite consideration through the courtesy of a considerate friend, and was considerably relieved to find himself once again in an atmosphere more congenial for vegetation. He says it is *fruitless* to attempt to evade the laws of this borough, and that henceforth he will make haste more slowly within the corporate limits.

Yours, &c., UP-TO-SNUFF.

THE WORKINGS OF THE BANKRUPT LAW—*A Case in Point.*—Not only because of the information contained in the following article from the Philadelphia *Ledger*, but because the gentleman whose case is cited to "point a moral and adorn a tale" is well known in this part of the country, having long traveled it as a notion pedlar and wool buyer, we transfer the item in full to our local department:

The case of Lance Walker, recently tried in the United States Court, is one proof of the efficiency of our bankruptcy laws. Here was a man who, after a tolerably fair start in business, seems to have determined to break with all the laws that govern society. The jury had found that he had concealed his property, or rather that of his partners and creditors, and wasted their money in an effort to get a divorce. It is no small satisfaction to merchants to know that the immunity to honest debtors does not apply to the case of a man who wilfully and fraudulently conceals his assets, and leaves to them the poor consolation of a resort to law, which simply takes more money and puts the debtor under no additional penalty. Walker seems to possess an obstinacy of purpose in pursuit of his own ends, that applied to good objects, might command a high degree of success. For nearly two years he has preferred a jail to a compliance with the request of his creditors, his assignees in bankruptcy, and even his own counsel, to tell them what had become of his assets. In old times this would have ended in possibly sixty days' imprisonment in our county prison and a discharge under the State insolvent laws. Now, he has stood the test of a jury trial, and the issue has been decided against him. At least one other such case stands for trial in the same court, but the very frequency of such proceedings shows that the United States bankrupt laws, fairly administered, enable honest debtors to get a discharge, and prevent dishonest men from trying to defeat the law and justice.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM NIPPED IN THE BUD.—Hope deferred, it is said, maketh the heart sick. If this be the truth, there are two hearts which beat in a rural district not far from Altoona in a bad state of repair. These hearts belong respectively to a young man and woman. The twain owning these hearts shook the dust of the rural village from off their sandals a few days ago and went to Pittsburgh to get married. No preacher in that city could be found willing to consent to weave the silken tie. They then visited in succession, and for the same purpose, Greensburg, Johnstown, Loretto, Altoona, and Tyrone. It is possible that they visited other places than those enumerated in the above category. However this may be, the result was uniformly the same whereever they went—they could not get married, and were therefore obliged perforce to go back whence they came with no visions looming up before them of love in a cottage and a baby jumper in the spare-room. Both the parties are represented to be earnest, virtuous, and highly respectable. But the parents of the party of the first part, it seems, looked upon the contemplated union with feelings of extreme aversion, and it is due to their energetic action, made manifest through the medium of a third party, that no matrimonial alliance was effected. This third party visited all the parsons at all the places mentioned and absolutely forbade the banns and the parsons respected his demand. Everybody and everything is not happy in that rural village just now.—*Altoona Tribune.*

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—To the yolks of six eggs well beaten, add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, juice of one lemon, one-half pound of flour, having in it one measure Banner Baking Powder; then add the whites of six eggs beaten stiff. Bake in jelly cake pans.

*For the Jelly.*—Take the yolks of three eggs, beaten, and one-half pound of white sugar, juice of one and grated rind of two lemons, and whites of three eggs beaten very stiff. Put in a vessel and place it in boiling water; boil until it thickens. When it is cold, spread over each layer of the cake, except the top one.

Each can of the Banner Baking Powder contains a small measure, to be used even full, according to printed directions. If you cannot obtain this very valuable article from your grocer, send twenty-five cents by mail, addressed to Banner Baking Powder, P. O. Lock Box, 317, Pittsburgh, Pa., and you will receive, postage paid, a quarter pound package, together with a list of fifty valuable Recipes.

THE MAN in the moon was looking at the made-up clothing of James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, the other night, with the evident intention of making a purchase. He can't shine without a new suit from Murphy, neither can the young men of Cambria county shine unless they go and do likewise. Murphy is the cheapest and cleverest man to buy from you ever read about.

THE apple which Eve presented to Adam, is said to have caused Adam to make such a wry face that the whole garden became distorted in appearance, but that alleged fact does not prevent E. J. Mills from selling the cheapest and choicest flour, feed and groceries ever brought to Ebensburg. His flour is just fresh from the *Mills*, which is a great advantage. Call on him for provisions.

**For Loss of Appetite,** Dyspepsia, Indigestion Depression of Spirits, and General Debility, in their various forms, PERUO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXER OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season, it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers. [5-16.-1t.]


PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the marble manufacturing business, at Loretto, was dissolved, July 20th, 1873, by mutual consent—Mr. Schwab withdrawing. M. C. SCHWAB.
JAMES BRENNEMAN.
Loretto, Aug. 1, 1873.-3t.*

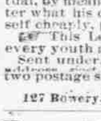
AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff, arising from sale of Defendant's real estate, in the case of Sarah Calvin, vs. John C. Noel, No. 66, December Term, 1872, *Vendition Exponas*, notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, July 28, 1873.-3t.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, at the court house in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, 16th day of AUGUST next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., the HOUSE and LOT, situated in the west ward of said borough, known as the Toll Gate property, on the Ebensburg and Susquehanna plank road.
Terms of Sale—One-third of the purchase money in hand, balance in six and twelve months with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond of the purchaser.
The sale of the above described property is made by virtue of an act of Assembly, approved 20th of June, 1873, authorizing the Burgess and Town Council of Ebensburg boro. to sell the same.
By order of the Council. F. H. BARKER,
Attest: T. W. DICK, Clk. Burgess.

SHERIFF'S SALES!—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fi. Fa.* and *Al. Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 26TH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at one o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:
ALL the right, title and interest of Joseph Snerow, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story house, not now occupied. Also, a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Otts, sr., Fred'k Hoag, and others, containing 15 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story plank house and log stable, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michl Farbaugh.
ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Paul Kluemyer, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Hughes, Daniel Jones, Silas Jones, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and plank stable, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lewis L. Edwards.
ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Jane Sweeny, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of P. M. George, Marg't Sharp, and others, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Jane Sweeny. *Also*, a lot ground situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of J. M Gough, M. Emfield, and others.
Taken into execution and to be sold at the suit of Samuel H. Baird, for use of E. S. Ward, Assignee.
W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 30, 1873.

MOWING AND REAPING Machines.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the Farmers of Cambria county that he has secured the agency for
THREE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND RELIABLE
MOWERS & REAPERS
Manufactured in the United States, viz.:
THE ORIGINAL AND UNSURPASSABLE "ETNA!"
which has given such universal satisfaction in this vicinity during the past four years;
The World-Renowned "BUCKEYE,"
a very simply constructed and light-running Machine. Over 100,000 now in use, with a yearly sale of from 10,000 to 12,000; and last, but not least, the
SUPERIOR OR SCREW-POWER MACHINE,
One of the most simple and lightest draught machines in use. Has no cog wheels, unnecessary shafts, or bolts or pieces.
THE SUPERIOR!
was on exhibition at the Johnstown Exposition Fair last Fall, where it was admired by all good judges of such machines.
☞ Farmers wishing to purchase the best MOWER AND REAPER in the market are invited to call and leave their orders early with the undersigned. GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, June 6, 1873.-tf.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence and sexual extravagance.
☞ Price in a sealed envelope only six cents. The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically*.
☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

Loretto Property FOR SALE.

A LOT OF GROUND situate in Loretto borough, Cambria county, Pa., known on the plan of said borough as Lot No. 92—fronting 50 feet on St. Mary's street and extending back 160 feet to St. Joseph street—having thereon erected a good
TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,
WITH BACK KITCHEN BUILDING ATTACHED,
Frame Stable, and other Outbuildings.
The House contains seven rooms, besides the kitchen, and has a commodious cellar under it—all in the best order. Cheap at $1,000—one-third in cash; balance in two equal annual payments, with interest. Good title. Apply to the owner, JOSEPH GUTWALD, or to
GEO. W. OATMAN, Real Estate Agent,
June 20, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg, Pa.

A CARD.
EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY
AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following
LIST OF PRICES.
Blankets.....$3.50 per pair.
Flannels.....30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres.....50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts.....50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning.....20 cts. per lb.
Carding.....7 " "
T. M. JONES & SONS.
July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of John Cox, Administrator of Charles Helfrick, deceased:
"And now, June 9th, 1873, on motion of D. McLaughlin, W. Horace Rose, Esq., appointed an Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the accountant to and among the parties entitled to receive the same. By the Court."
Extract from the Record.
J. M. SINGER, Register.
Pursuant to the above appointment, I will sit at my office in the Borough of Johnstown, on *Saturday, August* 16th, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
W. HORACE ROSE, Auditor.
Johnstown, July 25, 1873.-3t.

CAUTION!—My wife, MARY BENDER, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, I hereby caution all persons against trusting her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts which she may contract. CHARLES BENDER.
Allegheny Twp., July 18, 1873. 3t.*

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
—TO—
CASH BUYERS

## A BLOODY DUEL.

REVOLVERS EMPTIED AND BOTH PARTIES KILLED WITH BOWIE KNIVES—THE MOST DESPERATE STRUGGLE ON RECORD.

MEDICINE LODGE, I. T., July 5.—Medicine Lodge, the great rendezvous for hunters during the cooler months, when the buffalo and antelope, unable to eke out an existence in more northern latitudes, are forced to seek the more succulent pasturage and genial airs of the South, can at last boast of a sensation the equal of which old settlers in the neighborhood say they never beheld in this wild and lawless region. There have been many most atrocious murders committed all along thro'out this section of country, and outrages without number, and all without eliciting more than a few passing comments; but a duel *a l'outrance* such as was fought in the soft twilight of yesterday evening between two notorious frontier characters was an exception—a novelty hitherto unheard of—and in consequence produced a tremendous amount of excitement among those who witnessed it. It was a horrible affair throughout, both men being literally shot and hacked to pieces, and finally dying locked in each other's embrace. Before, however, entering into the details of the fight itself I venture a slight description of the Lodge and the immediate *locale* causes of the duel.

Medicine Lodge is in the very heart of the Indian nation, about a hundred miles south of the Kansas frontier, and, on account of its peculiar natural advantages as a hunting rendezvous, is annually the resort of a large number of both whites and Indians. Directly on the main line of travel pursued by the buffalo in his migration from south to north, and vice versa, from being originally a simple trading station with the Indians it has risen to the dignity of a settlement, though the houses, with the exception of two rather good-sized buildings, used for storage purposes, are but five in number and of most unimposing dimensions.

In the centre of the "settlement" stands a huge log cabin occupied by Job Harding, a Kentuckian of enormous strength and stature, who, in addition to his pursuits as hunter and trapper, adds to his income by keeping a small stock of goods, which he exchanges with the Indians for pelts and hides, and sells to such parties as happen to run short of supplies.

This cabin is divided into five compartments, two of which the trader reserves for his own use, and two serving as a store and bar-room. The latter, in view of the character of the customers of the place, is, of course, extensively patronized, being usually crowded with a motley class of Indians, hunters, and half-breeds, to whom strong drink from sheer force of indulgence has become a necessity, and gaming the inevitable occupation of their leisure hours. A long, wooden table, rough made but commodious, extends nearly the whole length of the room, around which, in lieu of chairs, are placed rows of empty kegs and cracker-boxes for the accommodation of such as may feel an inclination to play.

It thus happens that the game, which is usually conducted by Harding in person, rarely closes, the press of players filling a seat as soon as vacated, and the bank keeping open as long as there is a reasonable promise of profit.

THE TEXAS DESPERADO.

At the faro table I recognized Anderson, the Texas desperado, the horse-thief, the celebrated pistol-shot, the red-handed murderer. I saw the handsome silver-mounted pistol, now peeping out at his breast, send death into the bosoms of three human beings in a Newton dance-house, three years ago. I instinctively recoiled as our eyes met, and he flashed a look of recognition on me. In the account I had written of the dance-house tragedy I had held him up to public execration as a wretch well deserving of the halter, and had even advised the formation of a vigilance committee, to inflict on him summary vengeance. I had no reason, therefore, to expect his friendship, but, on the contrary, the full revenge of which I knew he was capable. He kept his seat, however, and Harding at that moment entering, I quietly withdrew and hastened to the house in which the party to which I was attached had taken up its quarters, with a view to arming myself.

As I passed along a wing of the building a voice hailed me by name from an up-stairs window. Looking up, the figure of a man appeared for an instant, and with a rapid motion of the hand, as if inviting me to ascend, suddenly disappeared. Though not at the time recognizing the person who thus hailed me, I was not left long in doubt, for on mounting the stairs I encountered the burly form of an old Newtonian, who at once grasped me warmly by hand and expressed the greatest pleasure at our meeting.

THE KANSAS DESPERADO.

"Why, McCluskey," I exclaimed, "what brings you here so far out of your usual beat?"

"To avenge Mike," he replied. "But come here into my room, where we can talk in quiet," at the same time pushing open the door of a small room close at hand, which, after we had entered and he had offered me a chair, he proceeded to close and fasten.

"Anderson is here," he resumed, after seating himself on an old saddle which had been fixed up to serve as a seat. "I have tracked him all the way from Abilene, where Hudson has just driven a big herd of beeves. Old boy, I shall kill Hugh Anderson to-day. —— him," he exclaimed, starting from his seat, with clenched hands and eyes blazing with fury, "—— him, I've got him now, and by —— I'll give him what he gave Mike. I don't want to drop on him," continued McClusky. "I'll give him an equal show. I'll fight him fair and square with pistol and knife. I want a good man to back me up and see fair play."

ANDERSON CHALLENGED.

As I was anxious to witness the progress of events, I strolled into the gambling room, and taking a position where I could easily observe everything that transpired, quietly awaited the delivery of the hostile message. I had not long to wait. In a few moments Richards, the guide, entered, and striding up to where Anderson was dealing the cards, bent over him and whispered in his ear. The players, accustomed to such interruptions, at first paid no attention to the delay, and betook themselves, some to conversation and others to re-arranging their stakes, but it soon became apparent that a subject of more than ordinary interest was under discussion. The face of Anderson, usually set and immobile, passed first to an expression of blank astonishment, then to a look of dismay, and finally exhibited unmistakable signs of fear. Rising quickly from the table, he made a strong effort at self-control, and briefly announced to the crowd that the game for the present was closed. Then, drawing his revolver, he passed quickly through the players, who by this time had crowded close around him, and attended by Richards, entered the store where Harding, surrounded by a throng of Osages, was driving close bargains in furs and robes.

As briefly as possible Harding was made acquainted with the state of affairs, and his services procured in behalf of Anderson.

The utmost excitement now prevailed. The desire to witness the duel, the cause of which had already been bruited about, seized upon one and all alike, and some of the hunters, thinking that their companions, who were out a little way from the camp herding their stock, might feel disappointed at not witnessing the affair, mounted their horses and rode out to apprise them of what was going on, so that in less than an hour after the passage of the challenge at least seventy spectators had gathered at the appointed spot.

THE TERMS AGREED UPON.

Meanwhile the two principals had retired apart with their seconds to prepare themselves and their weapons. By the terms agreed upon between Richards and Harding, the antagonists were to fight with revolvers and bowie knives—to be placed back to back at an interval of twenty paces—to wheel and fire at a given signal, and after the first interchange of shots to conduct the fight as each one should deem it best to his advantage.

ON THE FIELD.

McCluskey had recovered his equanimity immediately on receiving the notification from Anderson of the acceptance of his challenge. As he emerged from the house, where he had made his brief stay, he looked a picture of manly strength and vigor. A tight-fitting buckskin shirt and leggings, tastefully embroidered, set off his robust form to great advantage, and it was apparent to all that, in the event of a close encounter, he would prove a terrible antagonist to his rival. His revolver, of Colt's make, he carried in his right hand, while his bowie, encased in a sheath of untanned deerskin, rested on his left hip within easy reach.

Anderson wore his usual dress, save that a broad belt, in which was stuck a knife, confined his coat at the waist and he had changed his sombrero for a military fatigue cap. He passed by close to where I was standing and our eyes again met. Save that the look on his face hardened a little and he contracted his brows to a visible scowl, there was nothing to indicate the presence of any unusual excitement, not even when to take the position assigned him he had to pass within an arm's length of McCluskey.

DUELISTS IN POSITION.

But little time was wasted in preliminaries. The twenty paces were quickly stepped off and the principals placed in their respective positions. The sun had long since set, and the dark pall of evening was rapidly settling on the spot, so that neither could be annoyed by the rays of the sun, nor could either side complain of holding an inferior position. The crowd drew back to what was deemed a safe distance, and the seconds, after a moment's consultation apart, advanced to give the signal.

The giving of the signal had fallen by lot to Harding. Stating to the principals, who by this time began to show signs of impatience, that this would be by the report of a pistol, he drew his own weapon and discharged it, first asking the question and receiving the usual answer that they were ready.

THE DUEL.

McCluskey was the first to fire, wheeling as he did so, though the smoke had scarcely curled up from his weapon before the report of Anderson's pistol followed. A momentary pause ensued, each of the antagonists closely scanning the other to note the effect of the shot. Across Anderson's cheek a deep furrow, from which the blood slowly began to trickle down, told the work of his antagonist, while McCluskey remained standing in his original posture, to all appearances unharmed. But this was not the fact. Those nearest to him fancied they saw a sudden spasm, as of pain, pass through his frame, and his face certainly blanched to a death-like pallor, but just where the ball had taken effect they could not tell. At the second fire McCluskey again anticipated his opponent, and taking a more deliberate aim succeeded in breaking his left arm. Anderson uttered a sharp cry and sank on one knee, but quickly recovering himself, returned the fire, and this time with horrible effect. The ball passed through McCluskey's mouth, carried away with it several of the clenched teeth and a portion of the tongue, finally lodging in the base of the skull. McCluskey staggered forward wildly a few steps and made desperate efforts to steady himself. The blood poured in torrents from the wound and stained his hunting shirt and dripped from the muzzle of his pistol; but with heroic courage he continued to advance, spitting out mouthfuls of blood and teeth at every step. During the interval thus gained, Anderson, who, in his crippled state, had every reason to shun a hand-to-hand encounter, had not been idle, but fired another well-aimed shot, which broke McCluskey's left shoulder. As if this was not enough, he sent still another ball after him, which, striking him in the pit of the stomach, caused him to fall forward heavily on his face. McCluskey was now mortally wounded and momentarily growing weaker from loss of blood. Tearing open his shirt in his agony, a crimson spot in his left side indicated the place where Anderson's first shot had taken effect. He still, however, retained his grasp of his pistol, and by an effort superhuman in its deliberation and coolness, fired at his antagonist his third shot. The latter had been closely watching for this, and endeavored to save himself by suddenly dropping to the ground. Too late, however; McCluskey's finger was already on the trigger and his eye along the sights, and when his adversary's body reached the earth it was heavier by a Colt's pistol ball. A scream of pain followed and the spectators saw a figure of a man clutching wildly with his hands at the grass and writhing and twisting in horrible contortions. The bullet had struck him full in the abdomen, and like his antagonist, Anderson was now a fast dying man. At this juncture it seemed as if the crowd would interfere, but Harding sternly bade them keep back and leave the men to settle the matter in their own way. As none cared to dispute with the gigantic hunter, the mandate was obeyed, though a universal expression of horror ran through the spectators, a number of whom were the engineers and attaches of our party. Still, horrible as was the scene, no one thought of leaving the spot. An irresistible fascination to see it out bound one and all alike to the blood-stained locality. But the finale was at hand—the curtain almost ready to drop.

McCluskey, summoning by a supreme effort his remaining strength, drew his knife and began to crawl feebly in the direction of his antagonist. The latter, who had raised himself to a sitting posture, saw the movement and prepared to meet it. Both had dropped their revolvers, leaving to the cold steel the completion of the work.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and to distinguish the movements of the combatants required the closest attention. Anderson was clearly unable to move any portion of his body save his right arm. With this he raised his knife aloft, and as McCluskey crawled up within reach, dealt him a terrible blow in the neck, cutting muscles and tendons and veins, and half severing the head from the body. But the effort was too much for him, and leaving the weapon sticking in the wound, he pitched heavily forward on his face. Every one supposed that this blow would have instantly killed McCluskey, but strange to say it did not, for so great was his vitality that before falling he twice plunged his own knife into the body of Anderson.

BOTH PARTIES DEAD.

A more horrible affair than this double murder it would be difficult to imagine. Both men were well known in Wichita and along the great cattle trails, and both, to a certain degree, were popular. While looked on as desperadoes and bad characters their undoubted pluck won for them a feeling of admiration, which, if not akin to friendship, at least secured for them friendly treatment; and I have no doubt but that in the minds of many of their own class they left behind them recollections quite as favorable as would have been the case had they, instead of being ruffians, lived virtuous and peaceable lives. The tale is soon told. McCluskey lived a minute longer than his antagonist. The dead bodies, firmly locked in each other's embrace, were taken to the house of Harding and laid out side by side on the gaming-table. A crimson trail marked the path of those who carried them in doors, and pools of blood indicated the scene of the late conflict.—*Correspondence N. Y. World.*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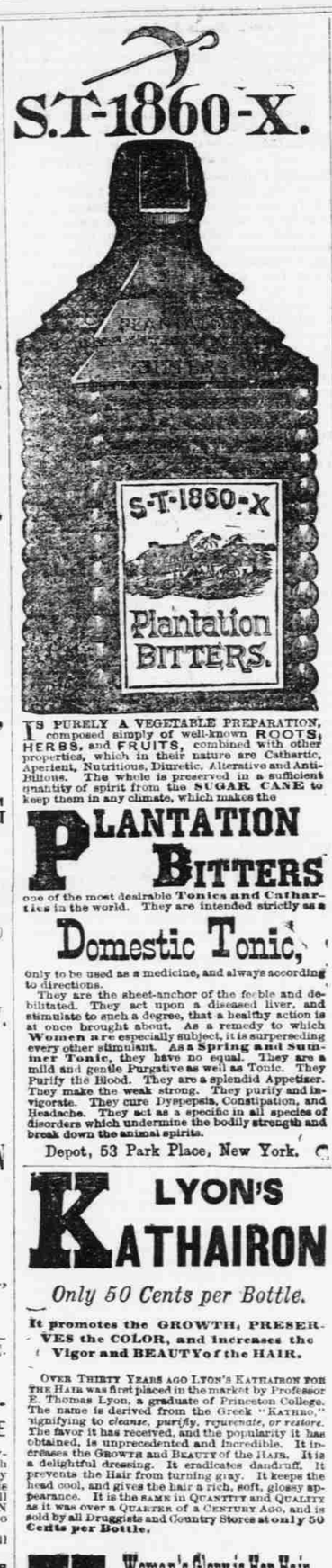


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Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

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## POLITICS ON THE STAGE.

BEN THE BUTLER—A MOST REMARKABLE CARICATURE.

They have on the boards at the [Bo]næum, Boston, a drama entitled "[Ne]w York." One of the characters [is] the Butler, and two others, [Ma]key. The latter enter through [doo]rs and left, simultaneously, and engage [in] maniacal dialogue, having possibly [an] interest in New York, when [each] heard a martial voice:

Ben the Butler—"Ho! there! Ho! Let the infantry attack in the [cen]nel, charge with cavalry on the left! Bring up the artillery! Oh! [you] The Boss (to Orkey)—"He says [to] me.'"

Orkey (to the Boss)—"I [have] pumped New York city enough [for] Boss."

Ben (still without)—"Issue a [war]rest all parties! I order it."

Enter John Beat, the fat police[man] and Ben the Butler right. Ben [in] coat of a major general, but with[out] der straps. It fits closely, even [to] ling, about a waist that is defi[ant] tuberant and girt with no sash. [His] right hand he holds a package of documents, prominently endorsed sealed with a broad seal. On breast hangs a medal with ribbon.

John Beat (aside)—"Surely I [know] face. An open countenance."

To Ben—"Who are you?"

Ben (advancing ponderously [to] the rostrum)—"Don't you know [me]?"

Beat—"Who are you?"

Ben (raising eyes and one arm [ex]ively)—"I am the cock-eyed [ge]tiny."

Beat—"Ah!"

Ben (with ambitious gesture—[as] future governor of Massachusetts)

Beat—"Bet you a ten dollar [bill] ain't."

Ben—"I never bet." (Raises and lyes in adoration). "Greenback test, but gold I love—silver I [de]

Beat—"Yes, I remember; [you] Ben (advancing to Beat, and [put] hand on his breast in an attitude of tion, whispering)—"Say nothing out handkerchief from coat pocket with it comes a spoon, that [will] sound to the floor)." "I shall lose acter."

Beat—"Oh! you can't do this impossible. Every one knows you none to lose."

Ben (pathetically wiping his eyes his handkerchief). "Ah! what I what I have endured for my country one knows—nor ever shall, if I can boy I will name him after you."

Ben (vivaciously)—"But will [you] for me?"

Beat—"How are you on beer?"

Ben—"You shouldn't ask question is like whistling at a funeral. [No] people wish beer, why, beer [is] no beer, then let it not be. [The] sort of a man I am. Anything [but] nomination! (Confidentially, [and] remarks with his finger.) [Get] that is statesmanship."

Beat—"But where did you [get] medal?" (fingering the [decoration] Ben's breast.)

Ben—"This was given me by [the] zens of New Orleans. It is [called] the Golden Fleece."

Beat—(laughing)—"Ha! ha! [Got] on you, wasn't it?"

Ben—(with dignity)—"No, [sir]; joke on the people of New Orleans."

Beat—"And so you mean to [put] on the people of Massachusetts? [Im]stout you are growing."

Ben (confidentially)—"Oh, [nothing] mind. You know I am all mind." (Patting his body.) "You see, exblows me up. They all blow me [up]hark! I hear the early cock. The[re] ing breaks, I must away. Stay, [what] your name?"

Beat—"Beat."

Ben—"My family name?"

Exit Ben the Butler, right, with[out] ous step.

This scene is, as may be supposed, [not] ly made up of "gag," and the [dialogue] therefore varies in unimportant [par]But the above is nearly verbatim prominent position of the personages tured gives perhaps an abnormal [idea] to this colloquy, which has no [real] place in the drama.

—The Norristown *Herald* says man in Lower Merion wrote to the of a horticultural journal and "What are the most advantageous tions to dried grasses for [manure]ments?" The editor replied: ium roseum, A. alba Gomphrena and G. globosa cameo." When [the] rage—though we never saw a man with rage—and immediately sent the editor ordering his paper to be tinued. He said no editor who [has] way, just because he was asked question, should have his [time]

—Aunt Hager, a colored woman cently died in Alexandria, Va., have been the oldest person in the States. It was stated that she years old, having been born in March, 1751. She was a native ginia, and was brought to Kentucky early day of its settlement by [Mr.] coxen, whose wife was a sister Beall, the present Circuit Clerk of bell county. For the last twenty has been blind, but in other [re]sessed all her faculties to the last

A GOOD DISINFECTANT.—The is highly commended by those who used it: Dissolve a bushel of salt in rel of water, and with the salt water a barrel of lime, which should be enouge to form a kind of paste. The purpose of a disinfectant, this solution chloride of lime is nearly as good purchased at the shops and drug stores. Use it freely about sinks, cellars and out-houses, and in this way sickness, suffering and expense.

THE Albany Express is responsible the story of a four and a half year old who courted a six feet girl in that city was laughed at so much by people that she was out promenading that she finally up his mind to desert the fair one, told her so. She promptly seized the fellow, and placing him over her knee ministered a powerful parental caress. The police were attracted by the noise arrested the young woman.

—How lonesome is the fireside there is no local newspaper! And the man who has a family paper to read, with the latest news, the good stories, the moral lessons, and the witty sayings of the paper—ask him its value. Let him be deprived of it for a few weeks and then ask him to put an estimate on it; it will be risen above all price.

DISPOSED TO BE LIBERAL.—A register out West advertises, in the course of making young people comfortable, that during the warm weather he will marry them for "a glass of soda, a dozen of eggs, the first kiss from the bride, or a quarter of a